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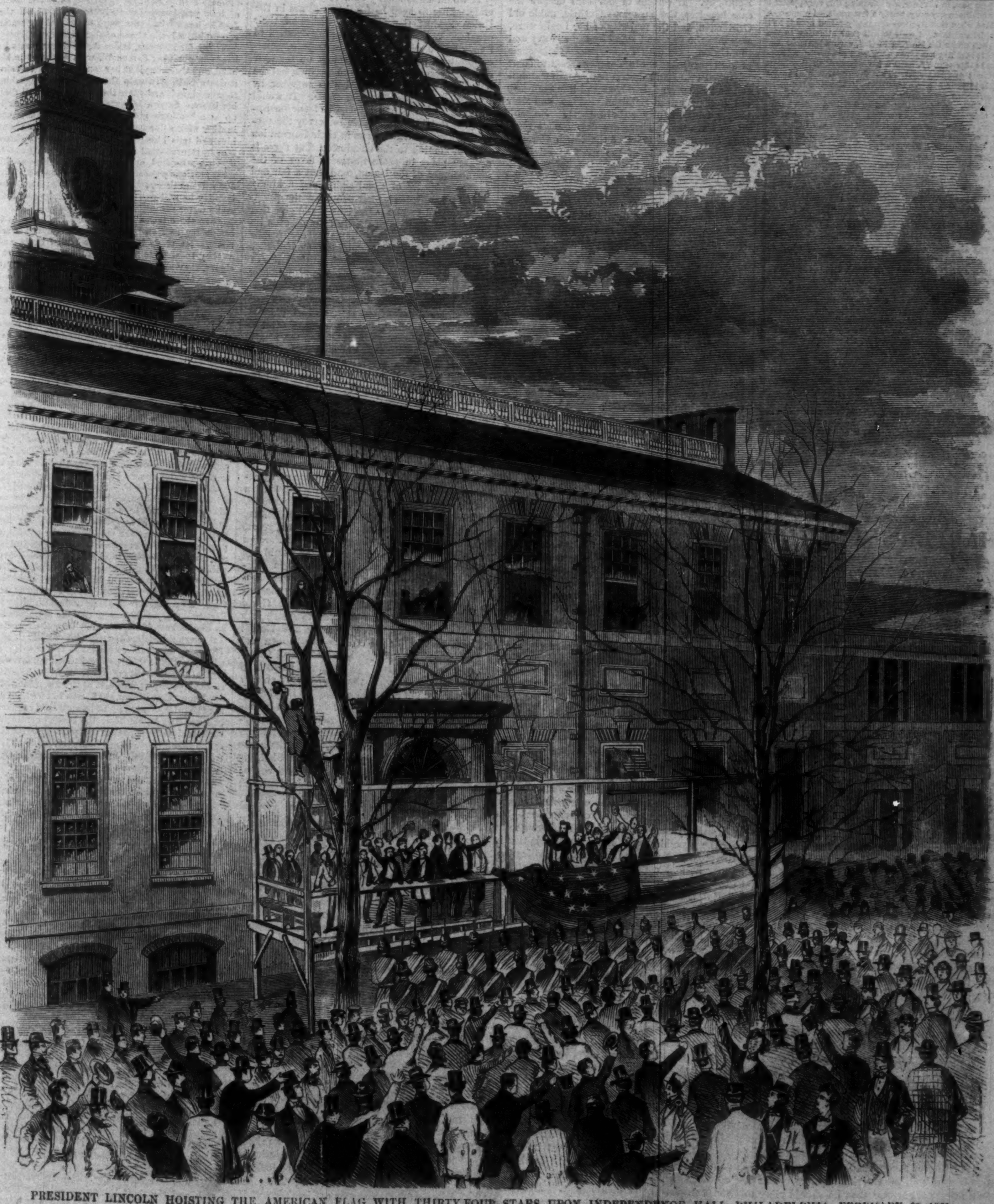

PRESIDENT LINCOLN HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG WITH THIRTY-FOUR STARS UPON INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1861.

From Photographs by F. D. Richards, Philadelphia.—[See next Page.]

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WE publish on the preceding page a picture—from photographs taken at the time—of Mr. Lincoln raising the stars and stripes opposite Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the morning of Washington's birthday. Just in front of the main entrance to the State House, and but a few feet from the sacred hall of liberty, a large platform had been erected for the President-elect to stand upon before the people while he raised the starry banner of the republic. The elevation, nearly six feet, enabled a vast multitude to observe every thing enacted thereon. The front and sides of the stage were wrapped around with an American flag, while lesser flags floated from the stanchions.

Before the flag was raised prayer was offered, and Mr. S. Benton, on behalf of the city of Philadelphia, addressed Mr. Lincoln in words of welcome. The President replied as follows:

> "FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I am invited and called before you to participate in raising above Independence Hall the flag of our country, with an additional star upon it. [Cheers.] I propose now, in advance of performing this very pleasant and complimentary duty, to say a few words. I propose to say that when that flag was originally raised here it had but thirteen stars. I wish to call your attention to the fact that, under the blessing of God, each additional star added to that flag has given additional prosperity and happiness to this country, until it has advanced to its present condition; and its welfare in the future, as well as in the past, is in your hands. [Cheers.] Cultivating the spirit that animated our fathers, who gave renown and celebrity to this Hall, cherishing that fraternal feeling which has so long characterized us as a nation, excluding passion, ill-temper, and precipitate action on all occasions, I think we may promise ourselves that not only the new star placed upon that flag shall be permitted to remain there to our permanent prosperity for years to come, but additional ones shall from time to time be placed there, until we shall number, as was anticipated by the great historian, five hundred millions of happy and prosperous people. [Great applause.] With these few remarks, I proceed to the very agreeable duty assigned me."

We copy from the Philadelphia *Press* the following account of the actual raising of the flag:

> "The excitement was of a fearful character when the President-elect seized the rope to hoist the flag of the country to the crest of the staff over the State House. The souls of all seemed starting from their eyes, and every throat was wide. The shouts of the people were like the roar of waves which do not cease to break. For full three minutes the cheers continued. The expression of the President-elect was that of silent solemnity. His long arms were extended. Each hand alternately pulled at the halyards, and a bundle of bunting, tri-colored, which had never been kissed by the wind before, slowly rose into the sky. If the shouting had been fearful and tumultuous before, it became absolutely maniacal now. From the smallest urchin to the tall form which rivaled the President's in compass of chest and length of limb, there rose a wild cry. It reminded us of some of the storied shouts which rang among the Scottish hills in the days of clans and clansmen. Suddenly, when the broad bunting had reached the summit of the mast it unrolled at once, and blazed in the sunlight. At the same moment the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner, and a cannon ranged in the square sent up peal after peal. Mr. Lincoln was then escorted to his hotel, and in a short time the crowd had melted away, many going back to their yet untasted breakfast, and the rest moving off as business or pleasure prompted."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

## RECONSTRUCTION.

AT last the practical statesmen of the country seem to see the way clear to a settlement of the pending political trouble, which has endangered the existence of our Confederacy. It seems pretty certain now that, by conceding certain points not inconsistent with the statement of principles on which President Lincoln claimed the suffrages of his fellow-citizens in November last, the Border Slave States can be retained in the Union. Whatever obstacles of detail may intervene, experienced observers are satisfied that a compromise will shortly be made which may conserve the allegiance of Virginia, North Carolina, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas to the Union; and which, so far as these States are concerned, will enable the new Administration to enter upon its career with a fair measure of tolerant support. If, as is expected, such men as JOHN A. GILMER, of North Carolina, ANDREW JOHNSON OR EMERSON ETHERIDGE, of Tennessee, and Mr. HOLT, of Kentucky, are invited to occupy seats in the new Cabinet, that support would naturally become active and energetic.

The prospect is, of course, bitter and nauseous to the old political leaders: it is natural they should repine at the revolution which is sweeping them from the political arena. For a large segment of a century Senators Mason and Hunter, of Virginia, for instance, have been the most powerful personages in American politics. The one, at the head of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, has really regulated our foreign relations for more than ten years. No foreign minister could be appointed, no embassy sent forth, no treaty ratified, no line of foreign policy determined, save with his consent. Congress, the President, the Secretary of State, have all been his servants. The power which in foreign countries is divided between the Executive, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the legislative body has all been wielded by him. Can it be a matter of surprise that he should cling to it, and should welcome a general catastrophe to hide his own overthrow? The other Virginia Senator has been for nearly sixteen years Chairman of the Senate Committee on Ways and Means. According to Parliamentary usage, he is the leader of the Senate. He has been, as the custom is, dictator in his Committee, which is dictator in the Senate, on all money bills. No tariff, or loan, or appropriation bill has ever passed against his opinion. In all matters involving the collection or the expenditure of money, or the regulation of the national finances and currency, his will has been supreme. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury have been his servants. Does any one who knows any thing of human nature suppose that such power can be relinquished without bitterness of heart, and even frantic struggles?

Happily for the country, the interest of Virginia is not exclusively the interest of these two Senators. She has noble sons—Clemens, and Summers, and Millson, and Rives, and scores of others—who will maintain the honor of the Old Dominion, even if her present Senators should be stripped of their power. So with Kentucky. If certain of her sons declare the case hopeless, the sagacious Guthrie, noble old Crittenden, and the majority of her Legislature, step into the gap, and stand by the country and the Union. So with Tennessee. While some of her representatives in Congress seem to court universal chaos and destruction, Andrew Johnson and Emerson Etheridge stand like the brave old Romans at the Sublician Bridge, and their people triumphantly sustain them. So with North Carolina. There are disunionists there too; but the real chief of the North Carolina delegation, and one of the most practical of the Southern leaders in Congress, John A. Gilmer, is square and uncompromisingly for the Union.

These brave men are entitled to such concessions from the now dominant North as they may deem requisite to enable them to fight successfully against disunion at home. This is not a crisis to stand upon niceties of doctrine, or exact shades of platforms. Practical politicians know that the policy of governments must not disdain to respect the temporary and erroneous passions and prejudices of the masses. Granted—if you will, for the sake of argument—that the Southern rebellion against the election of a sectional President is treason, and liable to punishment—is it wise, is it prudent, is it possible to punish it? Is it not wiser and better to deal with it as a fact, and so handle it that it may yield by-and-by to its own inherent weakness and the vice of its origin? If rulers had always despised outbursts of popular passion and prejudice, there would have been no government on earth at the present time. The oldest and best of the free governments in the world, that of Great Britain, has repeatedly yielded to popular pressure, and her best statesmen have repeatedly sacrificed their own convictions to temporary exigencies, wisely deeming that popular errors contain within themselves the elements of their own correction, while civil war nursed no germs but hate, strife, blood, rapine, and ruin. Nor need we go abroad for examples of the spirit of concession to error, and compromise with prejudice. The formation of the Confederacy was a wonderful instance of compromise. Our first President, General Washington, frequently abandoned his own designs to adopt the views of others which he deemed less sound—for the sake of peace. For the sake of peace, Jefferson, as we learn from his writings, departed from his peculiar principles on numberless occasions. So did Madison, Monroe, and Adams. Jackson, who is so often quoted as an example by the opponents of compromise, did directly compromise in the most open way to avoid a civil war with the little State of South Carolina—when the other Southern States were ready to crush her out at a moment's notice. In a word, our Government, like all other Governments, like every collective body, like every family, rests upon the corner-stone of COMPROMISE — the yielding by each component part of something for the general good. It is not possible that in the present day of enlightenment, civilization, progress, and commerce these obvious truths should be ignored.

But, it will be said, what of the Gulf States? Without some security for their return to the Union, reconstruction is incomplete, and the North, if they stay out, will have compromised in vain.

We believe that the work of reconstruction is proceeding in the Gulf States. The Montgomery Convention has elected a very moderate man for President, and the most emphatic enemy of disunion for Vice-President. It has adopted the Constitution of the United States, and has altered none of the laws, and displaced none of the officials appointed by the General Government. Mr. Davis has bestirred himself actively and successfully to prevent such a collision as would impede reconstruction. His cabinet consists of Union men. The only South Carolinian, who had the courage to avow himself a friend of the Union, is also the only South Carolinian invited to a seat in the administration. You find nowhere in the proceedings at Montgomery any indorsement of the extreme *per se* disunionists. More than this, more than one half the ties existing between the Gulf States and the Union remain unsevered. The United States mail is carried throughout the seceding States. "Foreigners" in Alabama prepay letters to other "foreigners" in Georgia with United States postage stamps. Postmaster Huger, at Charleston, sends regularly to Washington for stamps and blanks, and renders his accounts as usual. The United States patent laws and copyright laws still obtain. Youths from Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama are still in their classes at West Point and Annapolis. Not five per cent. of the Southern officers in the United States army and navy have resigned their commissions. There has been a formal change in the revenue service. The United States collectors call themselves collectors for their several States. But they collect duties under the United States tariff, keep accounts of the receipts, and their States will account for the money by-and-by. South Carolina, on the eve of certain secession, still sent her census returns faithfully to Washington. Surely this is a very mild kind of separation.

It would undoubtedly be a very mischievous undertaking to keep half a dozen States in the Union against the deliberate wishes of their people. Whatever popular feeling—roused to frenzy by the seizure of forts, arsenals, revenue-cutters, and mints—might prompt on the spur of the moment, there can be no question but the enterprise of holding the Union together by force would ultimately prove futile. It would be in violation of the principle of our institutions. But it is impossible to survey the proceedings of the Gulf States in their Convention without coming to the conclusion that there is a large party in those States in favor of the maintenance of the Union, and that a fair and generous tender of equal rights, and a kindly attempt to disabuse their people of the prejudices engendered by politicians would give that party the control of all the Gulf States, even including South Carolina. Time will certify this. As the leaders of the Southern Confederacy come to grapple with the practical difficulties of their position, they will find it much harder than they supposed to tear asunder a confederacy so closely knit together as ours. The passage of secession ordinances, amidst popular clamor, bell-ringing, and the firing of salutes, the muster of brave young men for the attack of forts, and the discussion of new flags and new national emblems, are all very easy and very pleasant work. But when it comes to the organization of a new postal system at a dead loss of some two millions a year, of a new revenue system on some experimental basis, of a new scheme of taxation which takes money out of the pockets of poor and rich, of new copyright and patent systems, of new naval and military schools, and of a new set of treaties with the world at large, the task will not prove so agreeable. Especially difficult will the negotiation of foreign treaties be found. Senator Mason, wielding the whole power of the United States, has been accustomed, any time these ten years, to bully the world at large. But the Foreign Minister of a Southern Confederacy would not find the task so simple. Dispatches in *gobemouche* newspapers have predicted a speedy recognition of a Southern Confederacy by the European Powers. But it is not likely that Great Britain and France would acknowledge any such Confederacy till long after the United States had set the example. Englishmen and Frenchmen are universally what we call Garrisonian abolitionists. They admit negroes to their table, and permit their daughters to marry them. One of the prize scholars at the College St. Louis, at Paris, the other day, was a mulatto, who was specially complimented by the Emperor. Alexandre Dumas himself is of negro extraction. As for England, more than one British Judge, wearing the ermine and holding the Queen's commission, is fully half negro: negroes are admitted to society in London; only the other day a high-bred girl of wealthy British family married a coal-black African, without the least objection from her friends. It has been suggested that the cotton question would rule the policy of Great Britain and France. This is a fallacy. In Europe trade does not rule as it does here. Traders are a part, but not the leading part of society. Both England and France went to war in 1854 in spite of the earnest protest of the traders. But even the commercial community of Great Britain could not be relied upon by a Southern Confederacy. The *Economist*, the leading organ of the British commercial class, emphatically declared, the other day, that no part of England would be found more hostile to a Southern Confederacy than Manchester, Leeds, and Paisley. The only effect of a cotton panic, it said, would be to stimulate British spinners to find new sources of supply.

If we of the North give our Southern friends time enough to encounter these difficulties fairly they will find that, after all, we are their best friends, and that they can gain nothing by throwing us off. It is well that they should try their experiment. If they can do better without us than with us, God forbid that we should keep them! If the Union is really injurious to them, Heaven forbid that we should insist on preserving it! But we think that, if they have time to consider the matter coolly, they will discover that it is best for them as for us. When they do, reconstruction will become a fact.

## THE LOUNGER.

### MAKING WATER RUN UP HILL.

THE other morning, quietly jogging along in a country stage, the Lounger heard an expression which was very amusing, and upon which, in the manner of Dr. Franklin and his whistle, he immediately fell to moralizing. It was in a retired and romantic region among the hills, and an aqueduct crossed the road, over the head of the passenger, upon its way from a spring in the hill-side to some factory below. Viator, who sat opposite the Lounger, began to smile, and presently to laugh in a low voice, as he looked up the woody hill

"Now," said he, "Joe was a good fellow—a mighty good fellow; yes, and a smart. But there was one thing that was always a leetle ahead of him, and that was to make water run up hill."

Then he laughed quietly to himself again, and his face beamed pleasantly like the west when the sun sets calmly. Viator Number Two said, "Humph!" as a mere matter of courtesy apparently, not at all as if Joe had undertaken any very difficult task. But the Lounger, as is the habit of loungers, began instantly to think of all the Joes he knew who had always found making water run up hill a leetle ahead of them.

There, for instance, is Joe A, for fifteen years he has been pursuing Serena W, with his heart in his hand, and throwing it at her continually. In vain, it doesn't hit. In vain she smiles and begs him to save himself and spare the pains. Joe will fling his heart. Serena is perfectly willing to pick it up as a brother's gift to a sister; but the word brother makes Joe frantic. In vain Serena shows him and tells him that she has no heart to throw him in return—that she gave it away long ago to a youth who died, and, carrying with him all his most precious possessions, it was buried with him. Joe will not listen; he will not believe; and to his last day he will wonder why on earth he could not make water run up hill.

Then there is Joe B, the poet. He believes in his poetry as Parson Adams believed in his sermons. He reads his verses to kind friends, and, as they toast their feet by his fire and smoke his cigars, they say to him, "By Jove, what publisher are you going to let bring them out?" Could they grudge a kind word in repayment of such comfortable quarters? In vain Joe sends an ode privately to the newspapers. They will not publish. In vain he incloses sonnets to the magazines. They are respectfully declined. In vain he besieges the publishers in their counting-rooms. They bluff him off and bow him out. In vain more judicious friends suggest that his verses are not remarkable. Joe only waxes indignant—reminds them of the traditional neglect of poets, and declares that he will bide his time. But he does not bide it. He frets in a burning fever to take the public captive. He pays for the insertion of some of his best lines in a popular journal. The Public agrees with Joe's judicious friends, and that capital, good fellow does not see that he is trying to make water run up hill.

And there is Joe C. He is rich and well, and an American citizen. He groans and sighs over his country. "Where are we going to? What is to become of me?" he asks and asks twenty times a day. He curses the politicians, the parties, the people. It all comes, he is sure, of our foul and corrupt partisans, the total want of principle in our public men, the grog-shop statesmanship of the country. But he stays at home, and sobs and blubbers and whines. *He* would not go to primary meetings. *He* would have nothing to do with filthy politicians. *He* would be afraid of his morals as well as his pockets if he ventured into their society. Yet every thing depends upon him and such as he. The government is nothing but the people; and whoever shirks his political duty removes the strength and support of one stone from the edifice, and brings it just so much nearer its ruinous fall. Joe knows that he can not have a hat without paying the price of a hat; but he apparently seriously believes that he can have the best government in the world without paying any price of personal exertion and inconvenience whatever. Joe C. is the worst of all possible cases of men who are trying to make water run up hill. He is a clever man and a respectable man; but if the people of this country interpreted their duty as he does his, the success of our system would be always as much, as getting water to run up hill was a leetle ahead of the original Joe.

### MOTLEY'S HISTORY.

THE history of the great epoch of modern times is properly written by a son of the country which is the fairest flower and illustration of the spirit which was victorious at that epoch. The close of the seventeenth century is the most fascinating, as well as momentous, of all the periods since the Christian era; for it was the hour of the final debate between the great systems of despotism and liberty; between freedom of thought and speech and the annihilation of the very fundamental conditions of human progress; between the Papacy and all its consequences and the Reformation with all its results.

Our own national existence, and the circumstances and spirit of the settlement of this country, are so directly referable to the movement of that time, that the champions of religious liberty then should naturally be our household heroes now. The Netherlands were the battle-field of Christian civilization and political progress; and the great captains in that battle, whether they fought with sword or pen, or, as was most generally the case, with both, were, upon the side of religious liberty, men whose fame makes the most splendid era of their countries.

It was Elizabeth's England—the greatest monarch and the most illustrious subjects that that country has ever seen—which stands in history as the final succor of the cause, which is our cause and that of the future. But the vanguard and the faithful early fighters were the Dutch, with William the Silent for their leader—the ablest and the most illustrious prince in Europe.

Five years ago Mr. Motley opened the great drama by his "History of the Dutch Republic." His name had been known for a moment in the history of our literature some fifteen years before, when he had published two novels which have hardly survived to this time. He was, therefore, an unknown author, who could claim for his work only its intrinsic interest, leaving to the reader to discover whether it had derived any charm from the author's own power and treatment; and never was there a more legitimate success. The profound, extensive, and accurate original research which was every where evident secured the utmost faith in the fidelity of the record, and the vivid, picturesque, impassioned movement of the style fascinated the most cursory and careless reader.

Mr. Motley's great merits as a historian are the patient and exhaustive research of the scholar; the instinctive apprehension of the pivotal points, which reveals the sagacity of the practical observer; and the sensitive imagination, the luminous humor, the manly sympathy, and the vivid delineation of the poet and literary artist. His style is often careless, but it is never finical. He does not sacrifice the force of his description to any fancied necessity of judicial calmness in a historian. One secret of his charm is the hearty admiration of what is admirable, and the honest contempt of duplicity and meanness. From the same causes, too, he is fully just to ability which he thinks mistakenly applied. His pictures of Philip Second of Spain, and, with a different feeling, of Philip's great lieutenant, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, are not less masterly than his portrait, tender with affectionate homage, of William: or the subdued and pensive sketch of Aldegonde, or the radiant picture of Sir Philip Sidney, who flashes, bright and beautiful hero, across the living page of the story:

> "The gemmy bridle glittered free
> Like to some branch of stars we see
> Hung in the golden galaxy,
> The bridle bells rang merrily,
> As he rode down to Camelot—
>
> * * * * *
>
> From the bank and from the river
> He flashed into the crystal mirror,
> "Tirra lirra," by the river,
> Sang Sir Lancelot."

Throughout the work there is the consciousness of jocund enthusiasm in the writer, of the most vital interest in the triumph of the great, modern, American principle opposed to all the pomp and power of hoary prejudice and reverend tyranny—and it gives a delightful elasticity to the narration, which springs from nothing else. If we measure Mr. Motley by the other popular historians, we shall find that he has less elaboration as a literary artist than Macaulay: less technical elegance and passionlessness than Prescott: less rhetorical splendor than Bancroft: but more human warmth and glowing simplicity than any of them, which, with a boyish frankness, goes straight to the heart. You thank the ardent, eloquent friend as he tells the stately tale, and you press his hand with personal affection as you sympathetically listen. Mr. Motley is to be envied both for his happy selection of a theme and for his delightful treatment of it. He is still a young man, and when he promises us the history of the Thirty Years' War, which is the natural sequel of his present subject, we feel that it is a promise which he can easily fulfill, and which the world will not readily forgive him for not fulfilling.

### THE MODESTY OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

A NEWSPAPER is notoriously the most modest thing going; and the only difficulty with it is, that it distrusts the common sense of every body else. For you may have observed that, whenever a newspaper has occasion to mention its own name in company with the names of its contemporaries, it always prints them in italics and itself in small capitals. You may also have remarked that, if every newspaper had the same piece of intelligence this morning, and has occasion to refer to it tomorrow, it speaks of the news which appeared in itself the day before, as if it were not in every paper and a matter of common notoriety, so that it would be just as sensible to say, "Yesterday, the 22d, being, as the (here follows the title of the paper in small capitals) announced, the birthday of Washington." Still further you may have observed that each paper compliments itself, and ignores every other, except to sneer at it or snub it, or quote it in support of its own opinion.

And most interesting is the childlike innocence with which the *Morning Sunbeam* informs us, in a telegram from Washington, that the views of the *Sunbeam* are awaited with profound interest; that the sentiments of the *Sunbeam* are having a prodigious influence upon Congress; that the article of Wednesday morning in the *Sunbeam* is conceded to have been the clearest and most brilliant statement of the question yet made.

In like manner the remarks of the gentlemen corresponding for the *Sunbeam*, who "*have reason to know;*" who "*have been informed by the highest authority;*" who "have just heard the Honorable Lemuel Lickspittle declare that the milky whey has plenty of rum* in it;" who "regret to see that the counsels of the *Sunbeam* are not implicitly followed;" and who "learn that the course recommended by the *Sunbeam* is the only one that can save the country." All these remarks are, considered in themselves, novel and delightful; but by simultaneous and persistent appearance in a hundred *Sunbeams*, they somehow at last lose the relish of novelty and interest. And inasmuch as events, whatever they are, always justify the prognostications of the *Sunbeam*, whatever they may have been, "as may be seen upon reference to our files' (every body keeps files of newspapers nowadays), why, it is perhaps superfluous to say so three or four times a week.

The newspapers ought to remember that the Court should be supposed to understand at least *some* law. The public, for instance, is perfectly aware that every newspaper in the land is the most enterprising, sagacious, independent, honest, characteristic, truly conservative, safe, trustworthy, interesting, spirited, various, careful, and conscientious of all conceivable newspapers: and that every other is the meanest, slowest, flattest, falsest, most untrustworthy, flippant, partisan, reckless, fanatic, dangerous, infidel, dull, ridiculous, malicious, and contemptible sheet that was ever spawned.

The public knows all this to begin with, and does not require to be reminded of it every morning. We all know that when the *Sunbeam* prints that important remark of the Hon. L. Lickspittle in its telegraphic column, that the *Auroral Arrow* of tomorrow morning will print in *its* telegraphic column—"The ridiculous remark attributed to the Hon. Mr. Lickspittle is, as you probably were already convinced by the source whence it emanated, a most malicious calumny. The reasons of such wholesale defamation are evident enough. What a pity that the character of the whole newspaper press should be made to suffer from the malice of the most contemptible of its members! The leader in yesterday's *Arrow* causes a visible fluttering among those who are hit. That shaft rankles home. The Honorable Dimity Toweling slipped up on a piece of orange-peel yesterday evening: but, upon the whole, things are steadier. It is now generally understood here that twice two make four. Don't credit any thing in the *Sunbeam* to the contrary."

### "WHEN I BECAME A MAN—."

SOME Loungers besides the present one may remember a hideous midnight procession two or three years ago through the streets of the city, composed of men dressed like circus-riders and theatrical supernumeraries. They also wore linen masks like those of the Misericordia Society in Italy, and were ghostly and ghastly enough to give every spectator the nightmare. These midnight gentry were the Sons of Malta, and one paper estimates the number of people who were admitted to the luxuries of the order at twenty thousand.

How fond the fancy is of wearing symbolic aprons and carrying triangles and open books and compasses! Is it the "Goose and Compasses" in London? No; it is the "Goat and Compasses." A little mystery, and a great deal of dark room, and bandage, and guttural voice, and lying in coffins, and fearful oath, and clashing sword, and velvet hat with plumes, seem to comfort many constitutions. The performances of secret societies—not for worlds would the Lounger violate his awful oath to the —— and the —— and the —— —are really very absurd. Every body is oppressed with a ridiculous self-consciousness, and feels painfully inadequate to the occasion. And in saying so no secret is revealed, because every body belongs to some secret society. Every body wears a mystic key, or badge, or pin, or indulges in the secret sign during handshaking. And how shocking to forget it! How significantly some comely stranger stares you in the face while performing some cabalistic pressure upon your fingers which you ought to remember, and don't! How pleasantly you beam, as if you knew all about it, and were tasting the rarest enjoyment from the mystic communion!

But in our country every secret society which has a political object should be at once suspected and condemned. In this country, what can be rightfully done should be openly done. You need have no secrets from your neighbor if you mean well to him and the rest. It is a government of opinion, and opinion is not changed by skulls embroidered upon an apron or a *presto-change* incantation. A secret political society is always of the nature of a conspiracy, and in this country no man who is an honest patriot will conspire. Nor is there any need of doing so if the object sought is honorable. There may be gratification to the part of us that loves darkness rather than light, in a deep conspiracy; but it is a pity that men should make themselves fools in order that they may be better knaves.

Secrecy in military movements is right, but such movements imply a state of war. Secret political societies in a popular republic mean only conspiracy against that republic. This may be by no means intentional upon the part of all. The very object of the leaders is to seduce the many by exciting curiosity and gratifying the love of mystery and display which lurks in all childish minds. This is an influence which in some charitable and moral movements is worked with effect. But in politics it is another thing. Let us hope that the Sons of Malta have grown to be men, and have therefore put away childish things.

### "GENTEEL" ENGLISH.

THE last *Cornhill*, under the title of "Samples of Fine English," treats, good-humoredly, of the custom, which the Lounger has sometimes rapped over the knuckles, of using stilted instead of the simple and sinewy words of the language. The critic is always in danger of having his head broken; but nobody more than he who takes simplicity under his protection. Vanity, Sir, quoth Parson Adams; my best sermon is upon Vanity, Sir. And, in like manner, the critic who goes about laying hands upon doubtful and improper words, is very likely to be arrested himself for the very offense he is exposing.

But the *Cornhill* hits right and left with unction, and doubtless not without effect. He asks, as indeed the Lounger had already asked, Why not say *begin* instead of *commence;* why not *dead* instead of *deceased?* It also observes the thin sport of making long words do duty for humor, and quotes Cuthbert Bede's advice to his hero, "not to give vent to vociferations till he has emerged from the forest." This is a kind of writing meant for humorous of which we Americans are constantly guilty.

The writer is down upon "the poet Tupper." Is it not wonderful to think how people, and sensible people, were taken by the nose by Martin Farquhar Tupper, and led by him into admiration of his absurd Proverbial Philosophy? In fact, we were not quite cured of Tupper until he came over in person and made sure of the matter, and very effectually prevented a relapse. Since the poet came, nobody has been known to suppose him other than a dreary bore, only admirable for his overwhelming assurance. Try a little Tupper, and see how droll the taste is.

"He likes flowers to have simple names," says the *Cornhill*, so he says *Many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives.* He explains what invention is: *It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness. And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast.* And what laws are: *Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised character of God.*

How incredible that this stuff was read and seriously praised!

If a man doubts the value of simplicity in language, let him hear any really popular and effective speaker, and mark how the words hit the thought upon the head and ring with meaning. Dr. Johnson was speaking of some book: "Sir," he said, "it has not wit enough to keep it sweet;" then recollecting himself, he translated it into Johnsonese. "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." Let us, then, says the *Cornhill*, and let this *Weekly* echo the sensible advice—call a spade a spade. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### A FEW SIMPLE REASONS AGAINST SMOKING.

*(Principally addressed to* BENJAMIN BRODIE, *in answer to his Letter on that abominable practice.)*

BY THE MOTHER OF A LARGE FAMILY, AND THE WIDOW OF THREE HUSBANDS, WHO ALL SMOKED.

1. Because it injures the curtains.
2. Because it is injurious to the furniture generally.
3. Because it is not agreeable to breakfast in the room when the gentlemen have been smoking overnight.
4. Because no man's temper is the better for it the next morning.
5. Because it keeps persons up to late hours, when every respectable person ought to be in bed.
6. Because the smell haunts a man's clothes, and his beard, and his hair, and his whiskers, and his whole body, for days afterward—so much so that it is positively uncomfortable sometimes to go near him.
7. Because it is a selfish gratification that not only injures those who partake of it, but has the further effect of driving the ladies out of the room.
8. Because it is, also, an expensive habit which the ladies, not participating in its so-called enjoyments, can not possibly have the smallest sympathy with or appreciation for.
9. Because it has the further effect of making gentlemen drink a great deal more than they otherwise would, and so weakens their purses besides ruining their constitutions, to say nothing of the many comforts and new dresses that their dear wives and children may have been unjustly deprived of, supposing the same amount of money had only been judiciously laid out at home.
10. Because it gives extra trouble to the servants who have to clean and to ventilate the room the next morning.
11. Because how are one's daughters to get married, if the gentlemen are always locked up in a separate room paying court to their filthy pipes and cigars?
12. Because it unfits a young man, who is wedded to it, for the refining influences of female society.
13. Because it puts a stop to music, singing, flirting, and all rational enjoyments.
14. Because it is a custom originally imported from the savages.
15. Because we see the nations that smoke the most are mostly the stupidest, heaviest, laziest, dreariest, dreamiest, most senseless, and worthless beings that encumber—like so many weeds, only capable of emitting so much smoke—the face of the earth.
16. Because when a man says he is going out to smoke a cigar, there's no knowing what mischief he is bent upon, or the harm the monster may be likely to get into.
17. Because it is not allowed in the Palace, or Windsor Castle, or in any respectable establishment.
18. Because the majority of husbands only do it because they know it is offensive to their wives.

*And a thousand other good reasons, if one only had the patience to enumerate them all. Pray did* Adam *smoke?*

Mr. John Bright tells us to take United States institutions for our model. Does he extend the recommendation to United States Cabinet Ministers? Ought Lord Herbert of Lea, for instance, to accept as his model Mr. Floyd, the late Secretary of War in Mr. Buchanan's Administration? *—London Punch.*

**RECHRISTENING A GOVERNOR.**—Considering the line Governor Pickens has taken with regard to the Federal property in South Carolina, we should suggest the propriety of an addition to his name. Let him henceforth be known as GOVERNOR PICKENS AND STEALIN'S.*—London Punch.*

**CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.**—Who will maintain there is nothing in the old Greek doctrine that names have a mysterious significance, in the face of the fact that the Spanish minister, whose diplomatic duties have involved him in Francis the Second's fix inside Gaeta, should be the Count Di Lema? Only the spelling should be corrected into *dilemma.*

**BOWYER'S BEST.**—If a young lady was entering a convent, and a feeling of regret came over her, what kind of regret would you call it?

An unavailing (*a-nun-a-veiling*)!

**A QUESTION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN ANSWERED YET.**—"Where's the Police?"

**A FLING AT A FOOLISH FASHION.**—If ladies will wear hoops, they necessarily make themselves butts.

The Paris *Charivari* lately gave an account of an aspiring gentleman, who had written a five act play, and proposed to a celebrated dramatist to divide with him the honors of the authorship—a very common practice in Paris, which explains the fecundity of many French writers in repute. The dramatist, otherwise engaged, declined the offer in the following terms: "I can not accept your proposition, Sir. It is written in Scripture—'Thou shalt not yoke the ox with the ass.'" Hereupon the would-be collaborator left in a rage, and the next morning the dramatist received a challenge, commencing thus: "SIR,—You insinuated yesterday that I am an ox," etc., etc.

A Frenchman, being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, with a shrug of the shoulder, "Oh yes, he's very good *stand* for de business; by gar, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me *move.*"

**A NEW MEDICINE.**—A poor woman, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith was a physician, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him, by letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with the patient, found him sinking with sickness and poverty. The Doctor told the honest pair that they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send him some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require: be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his disciples could ever administer.

A party had climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of Skiddaw, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company), who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide:

"Pray, what is the highest part of this mountain?"

"The top, Sir," replied the guide.

A chimney-sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you will have *the less to carry.*—"True," replied the lad, and throwing three halfpence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him, saying, that he had not left money enough.—"Never mind that," said young sooty, "you will have *the less to count.*"

A farmer in the West of England, who has two handsome daughters, would not permit them to keep the company of the young men. After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, and each lover, with the assistance of his lady, would thus gain an entrance. It so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet too early, and the old gentleman spying the article, could not conjecture the meaning of it. So he caught hold and endeavored to pull it down. The girls, supposing it to be one of their sweet-hearts, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake till the old man's head was level with the window-sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh dear, it's dad!" and letting go the sheet, down came the old gentleman to the ground, dislocating his shoulder. Withdrawing all opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

Ex-Mayor Harper, as is well known, is a strong temperance man, and much opposed to play-going; but, as all *harpers* should be, is quite *play*ful and humorous, as his Leather Dealers' festival anecdote of the cobbler, who thought he had got religion and only found out his mistake when his doctor told him it was the measles, fully testifies. A few days ago a friend in the Swamp accosted him thus: "I've been to Barnum's, Mr. Harper, and witnessed the performance of the 'Woman in White.' It was quite a *spirited* affair. I felt very much interested in it, and must read the story as Wilkie Collins wrote it. The play-bill, I think, said it was published by you."

"Barnum's a clever fellow," replied the Mayor, "but I am sorry to see him bring the 'Woman in White' before the public in such a pitiable condition."

"How is that?" inquired our Swamp friend.

"Well, the fact is," said the Mayor, and here he lowered his voice to a whisper, "Barnum's 'Woman in White' *partakes* too much of the *dram*-a!"

Our Swamp friend exploded, and as he knew it was useless to ask the Mayor to "licker," went and procured a copy of the "true and original Woman in White."

An eminent counsel was employed in an action against the proprietors of the Rockingham Coach. On the part of the defendant the coachman was called. His examination-in-chief being ended, he was subject to the leader's cross-examination. Having held up the fore-finger of his right hand at the witness, and warning him to give a "precise answer" to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus: "You drive the Rockingham Coach?"—"No, Sir; I do not."—"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"—"No, Sir; I did not."—"Now, Sir, I put it to you—I put it to you upon your oath—do you not drive the Rockingham Coach?"—"No, Sir; I drive the *horses.*"

An old lady, who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of an unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very nicely sold by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we have heard of, had got tired of her eternal "I told you so!" Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, wife, wife! what—what—what do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and eat up our grindstone!"

The old lady was ready; and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she broke out at the top of her lungs, "I told you so, you old fool!—I told you so! You always would let it stan' out o' doors!"

If an empty purse could speak, what love-like speech would it make?—"You'll find no change in me!"

A gentleman wrote to Dr. Francis the following note:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I caught cold yesterday, and have got a little horse. Please to write what I shall do for them.—J. P."

"DEAR F.,—For the cold, take half a pound of butter candy. For the little horse, buy a saddle and bridle, and ride him out of town the first time we have pleasant weather.—Yours, DR. F."

Quoth Smith to Jones, it really is a sin
You do not get your house fenced in;
Quoth Jones, you're wrong, the place is fenced, confound it—
My wife is all the time a *railing* round it!

**AN AWAKENING PREACHER.**—"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a preen aboot ye?"—"Yes, minister."—"Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side."

Many a girl thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

During a recent fire an old woman was very anxious to go through a street which at the time was considered dangerous, but all her efforts were unavailing. At length she pushed one of the policemen aside, when that worthy preserver of the public peace said, "Now, Marm, you can't pass; if you do you'll be killed, and then you'll blame us afterward."

"What would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going on shore. "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

**ENGLISH FRENCH.**—A French gentleman was one day caressing a dog, when an English friend remarked that he seemed very fond of it. "Ya-a-a-s! I love de dogs, de cats, de osses, and de asses; and, in short, I do love every ting dat is *beastly.*"

A witness in a court, speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer employed on the other side exclaimed, "Fellow, why dost thou bark so furiously?"—"Because," said the rustic, "I think I see a thief."

Marriageable ladies should make a point of visiting the theatre before the curtain is drawn up; they would then be sure of an overture.

The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots or going barefooted.

What is the difference between a diseased potato and a beehive?—None at all; for one is a *spectator* and the other a *beholder.*

A great curiosity is the derrick with which the "enthusiasm of the meeting was raised to the highest pitch."

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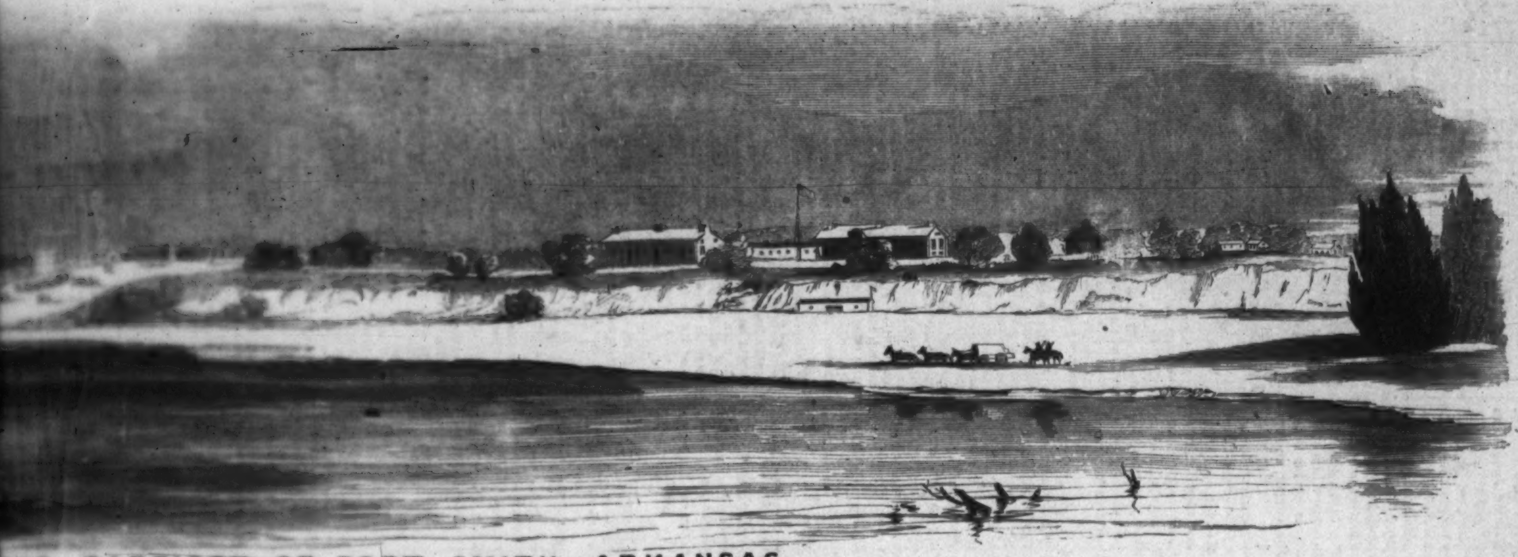
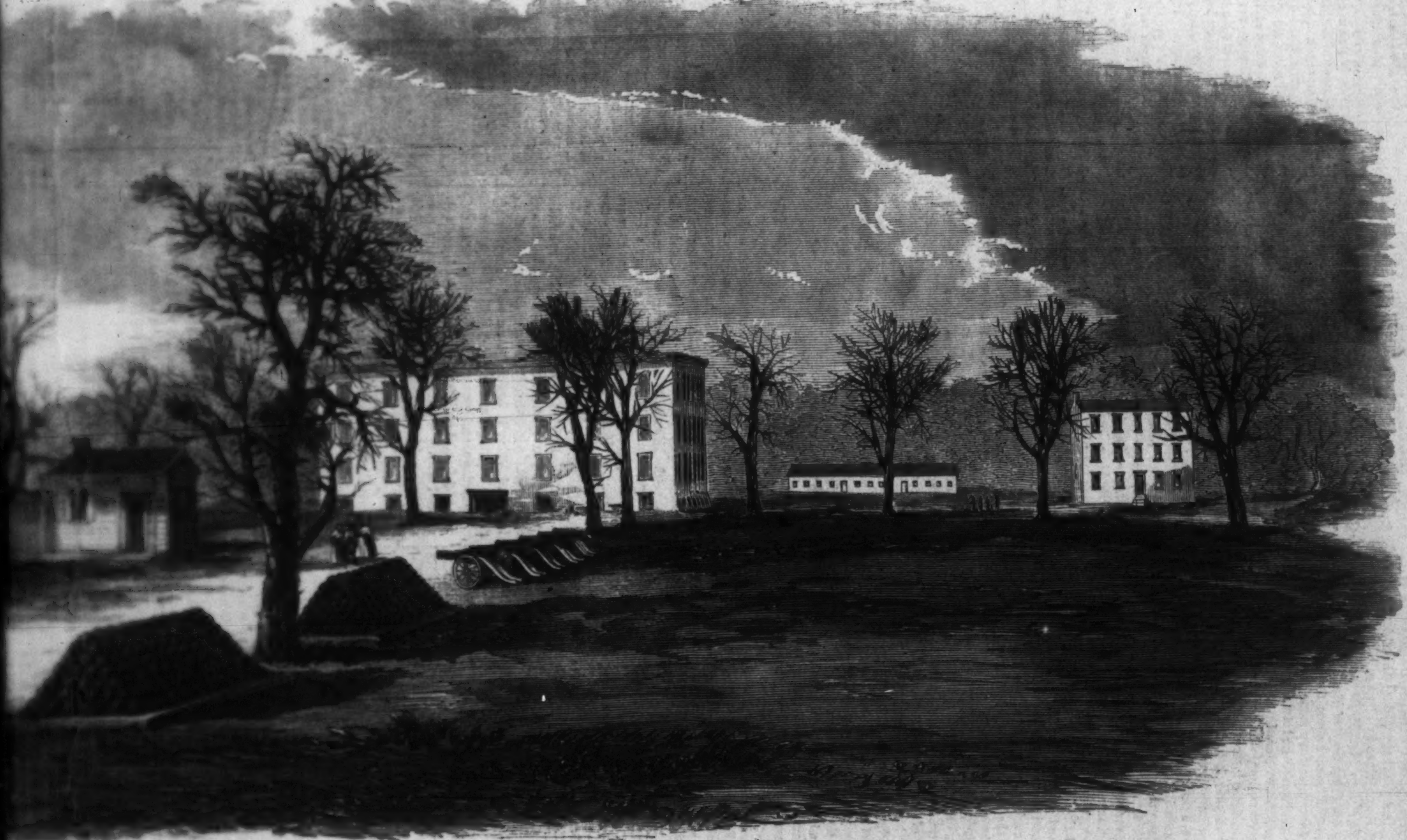
* Room?—ED.

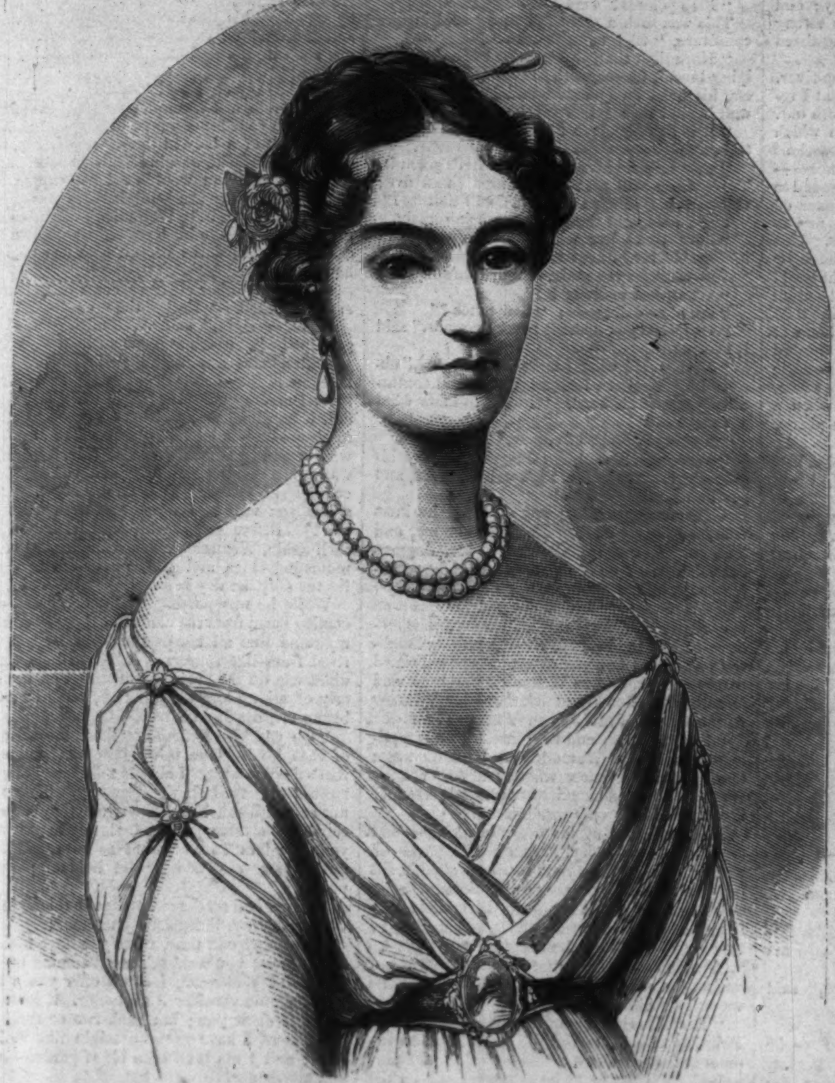


AND GARRISON OF FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.



Bragg's Battery.
Commandant's House.

, SURRENDERED TO THE STATE TROOPS, FEBRUARY, 1861.—FROM A DRAWING BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 155.]



MISS PATTERSON, OF BALTIMORE.—[From a Painting made in 1815.]

## "MISS PATTERSON," OF BALTIMORE.

The portrait of "Miss Patterson," the first wife of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte, which we publish herewith, is from a painting owned by her grandson, which represents her as she appeared in 1815. All our readers know, of course, that this lady is now prosecuting a suit in the French Courts for the recognition of her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte. The lady herself, though seventy-five years of age, has gone to Paris for the purpose, and is instructing her lawyers in person.

Those who wish to read a full account of the case we refer to No. 187 of *Harper's Weekly*, published on 28th July last, in which we narrated the

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## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

**Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.**

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

### CHAPTER XXII.

that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth, she had encountered Mr. Pocket, who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the Woolsack, or to roof himself in with a Mitre. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken Time by the forelock (at a season when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dower upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a Prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the Prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since, and it was supposed to have brought in but indifferent interest. Still Mrs. Pocket was in general the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of forgiving reproach because he had never got one.

Mr. Pocket took me into the house and showed me my room: which was a pleasant one, and so furnished as that I could use it with comfort for my own private sitting-room. He then knocked at the doors of two other similar rooms, and introduced me to their occupants, by name Drummle and Startop. Drummle, an old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture, was whistling. Startop, younger in years and appearance, was reading and holding his head, as if he thought himself in danger of exploding it with too strong a charge of knowledge.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had such a noticeable air of being in somebody else's hands, that I wondered who really was in possession of the house and let them live there, until I found this unknown power to be the servants. It was a smooth way of going on, perhaps, in respect of saving trouble; but it had the appearance of being expensive, for the servants felt it a duty they owed to themselves to be nice in their eating and drinking, and to keep a deal of company down stairs. They allowed a very liberal table to Mr. and Mrs. Pocket; yet it always appeared to me that by far the best part of the house to have boarded in would have been the kitchen—always supposing the boarder capable of self-defense, for, before I had been there a week a neighboring lady, with whom the family were personally unacquainted, wrote in to say that she had seen Millers slapping the baby. This greatly distressed Mrs. Pocket, who burst into tears on receiving the note, and said it was an extraordinary thing that the neighbors couldn't mind their own business.

By degrees I learned, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but that when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket, very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades—of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone—he had wearied of that poor work and come to London. Here, after gradually

vers who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw.

Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had a toady neighbor—a widow lady of that highly sympathetic nature that she agreed with every body, blessed every body, and shed smiles and tears on every body according to circumstances. This lady's name was Mrs. Coiler, and I had the honor of taking her down to dinner on the day of my installation. She gave me to understand on the stairs that it was a blow to dear Mrs. Pocket that dear Mr. Pocket should be under the necessity of receiving gentlemen to read with him. That did not extend to Me, she told me in a gush of love and confidence (at that time I had known her something less than five minutes); if they were all like Me, it would be quite another thing.

"But dear Mrs. Pocket," said Mrs. Coiler, "after his early disappointment (not that dear Mr. Pocket was to blame in that), requires so much luxury and elegance—"

"Yes, Ma'am," said I, to stop her, for I was afraid she was going to cry.

"And she is of so aristocratic a disposition—"

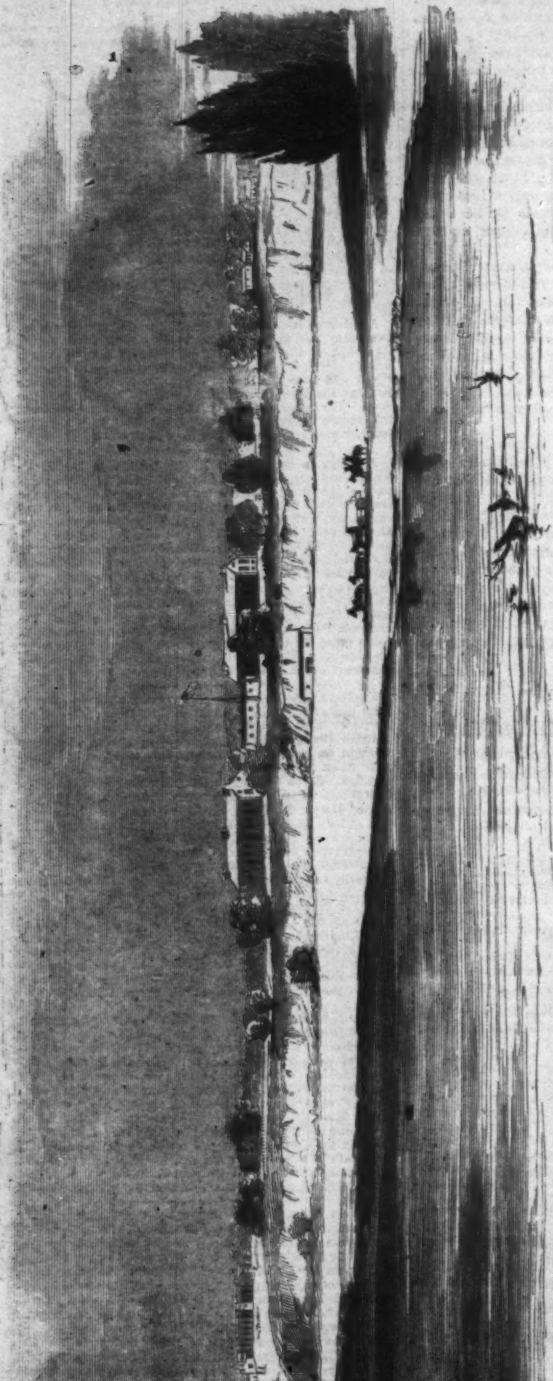
"Yes, Ma'am," I said again, with the same object as before.

"—that it *is* hard," said Mrs. Coiler, "to have dear Mr. Pocket's time and attention diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket."

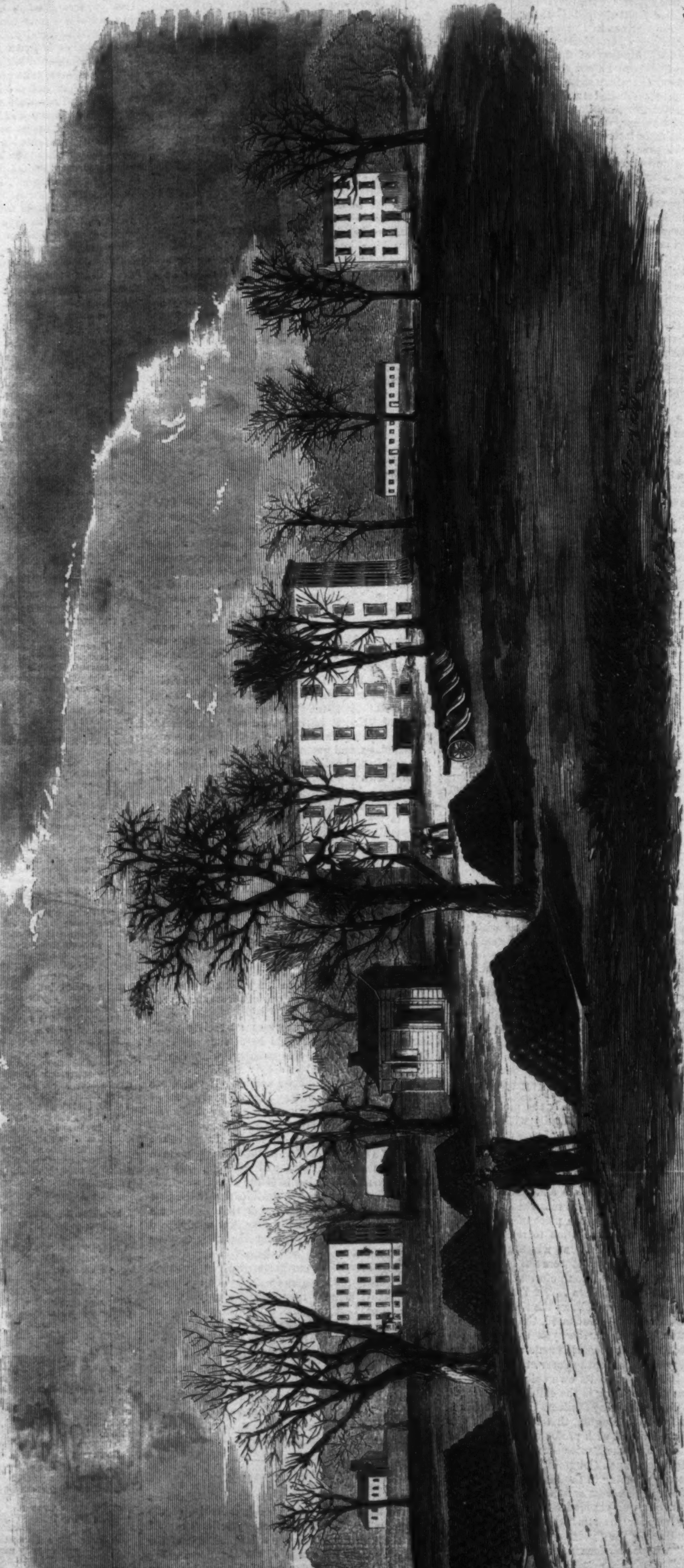
I could not help thinking that it might be harder if the butcher's time and attention were diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket; but I said nothing, and indeed had enough to do in keeping a bashful watch upon my company-manners.

It came to my knowledge through what passed between Mrs. Pocket and Drummle while I was attentive to my knife and fork, spoon, glasses, and other instruments of self-destruction, that Drummle, whose Christian name was Bentley, was actually the next heir but two to a baronetcy. It further appeared that the book I had seen Mrs. Pocket reading in the garden was all about titles, and that she knew the date at which her grandpapa would have come into the book, if he ever had come at all. Drummle didn't say much, but in his limited way (he struck me as a sulky kind of fellow) he spoke as one of the elect, and recognized Mrs. Pocket as a woman and a sister. No one but themselves and Mrs. Coiler, the toady neighbor, showed any interest in this part of the conversation, and it appeared to me that it was painful to Herbert; but it promised to last a long time, when the page came in with the announcement of a domestic affliction. It was, in effect, that the cook had "mislaid" the beef. To my unutterable amazement, I now, for the first time, saw Mr. Pocket relieve his mind by going through a performance that struck me as very extraordinary, but which made no effect on any body else, and with which I soon became as familiar as the rest. He laid down the carving-knife and fork—being engaged in carving at the moment—put his two hands into his disturbed hair, and appeared to make an extraordinary effort to lift himself up by it. When he had done this, and had not lifted himself up at all, he quietly went on with what he was about.

Mrs. Coiler then changed the subject, and began to flatter me. I liked it for a few moments, but she flattered me so very grossly that the pleasure was soon over. She had a serpentine way of coming close at me when she pretended to be vitally interested in the friends and localities I had left, which was altogether snaky and fork-tongued; and when she made an occasional

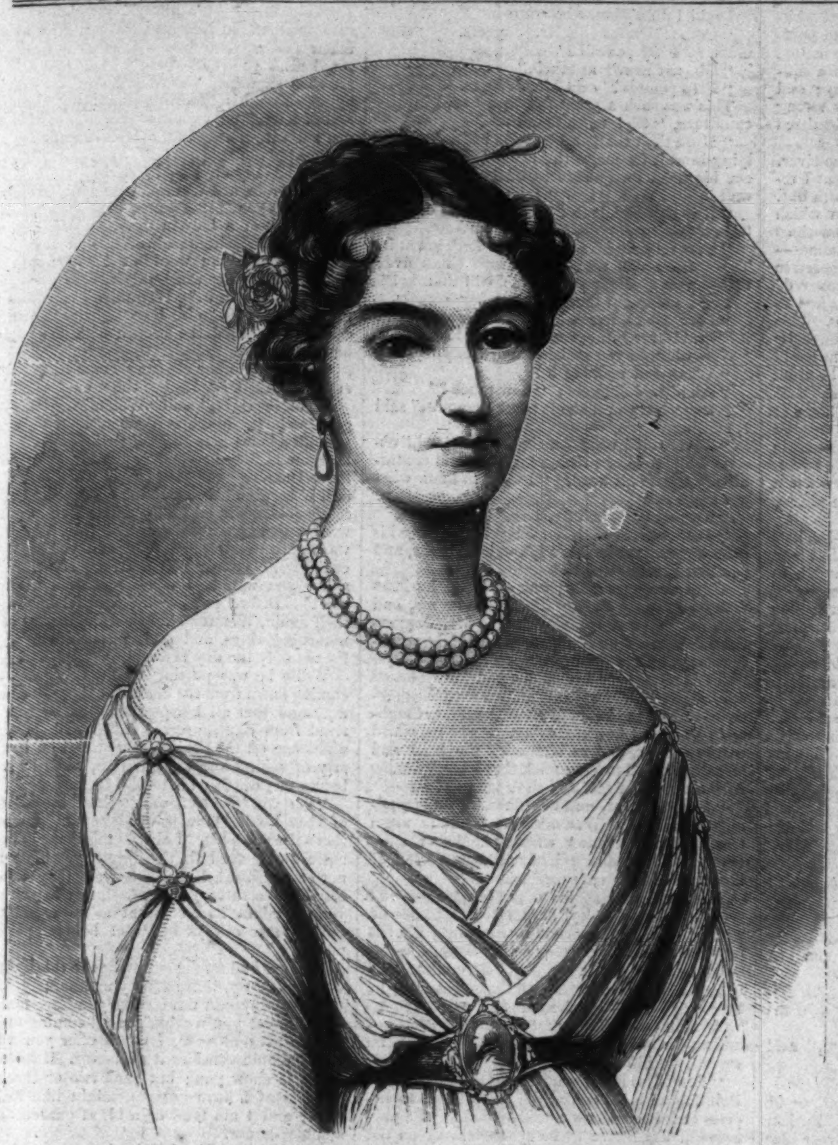


CITY AND GARRISON OF FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.



Work-shop.
Magazine.
Bragg's Battery.
Commandant's House.

UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, SURRENDERED TO THE STATE TROOPS. FEBRUARY, 1861.—From a Drawing by a Government Draughtsman.—[See Page 155.]



MISS PATTERSON, OF BALTIMORE.—[FROM A PAINTING MADE IN 1815.]

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THE portrait of "Miss Patterson," the first wife of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte, which we publish herewith, is from a painting owned by her grandson, which represents her as she appeared in 1815. All our readers know, of course, that this lady is now prosecuting a suit in the French Courts for the recognition of her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte. The lady herself, though seventy-five years of age, has gone to Paris for the purpose, and is instructing her lawyers in person.

Those who wish to read a full account of the case we refer to No. 187 of *Harper's Weekly*, published on 28th July last, in which we narrated the eventful tale at length. Here we may briefly say that Jerome Bonaparte, a young man of twenty, commanding a French man-of-war, met at Baltimore, in 1804, Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of the President of the Bank of Baltimore; wooed and won her. They were married without the consent of Jerome's eldest brother and legal guardian, the Emperor.

When Napoleon heard of it he refused to consent; refused to suffer any court to register the marriage; refused to permit "Miss Patterson" to land at Amsterdam; and wrote, vainly, the following letter to the Pope to induce him to annul the marriage by bull:

> "I have frequently spoken to your Holiness of a young brother, nineteen years of age, whom I sent in a frigate to America, and who, after a sojourn of a month, although a minor, married a Protestant, the daughter of a merchant of the United States. He has just returned. He is fully conscious of his fault. I have sent back to America Miss Patterson, who calls herself his wife. By our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duties as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your Holiness a bull annulling the marriage. I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris, since the Gallican Church pronounces such marriages null. But it appears better to me to have it done in Rome, on account of the example to sovereign families marrying Protestants. It is important for France that there should not be a Protestant young woman so near my person. It is dangerous that a minor and distinguished youth should be exposed to such seduction against the civil laws and all sorts of propriety."

The Emperor spoke the truth when he said that Jerome was "conscious of his fault." He was glad to accept an embassy to Algiers; and "Miss Patterson," broken-hearted, and with her son, returned to Baltimore, where she has lived quietly ever since. Jerome, as every body knows, subsequently married a princess of Wurtemberg, and had by her a son, the present Prince Napoleon, and his sister, the famous Princess Mathilde. It is to have the first marriage declared legal, and Napoleon and Mathilde pronounced illegitimate, that "Miss Patterson" is now suing in Paris. The case naturally excites great interest.

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MR. POCKET said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. "For I really am not," he added, with his son's smile, "an alarming personage." He was a young-looking man, in spite of his perplexities, and his manner seemed quite natural. I use the word natural in the sense of its being unaffected; there was something comic in his distraught way, as though it would have been downright ludicrous but for his own perception that it was very near being so. When he had talked with me a little he said to Mrs. Pocket, rather anxiously, "Belinda, I hope you have welcomed Mr. Pip?" And she looked up from her book, and said, "Yes." She then smiled upon me in an absent state of mind, and asked me if I liked the taste of orange-flower water? As the question had no bearing, near or remote, on any foregone or subsequent transaction, I consider it to have been thrown out, like her previous approaches, in general conversational hospitality.

I found out within a few hours, and may mention it at once, that Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain quite accidental deceased Knight, who had invented for himself a conviction that his deceased father would have been made a Baronet but for somebody's determined opposition, arising out of entirely personal motives—I forget whose, if I ever knew—the Sovereign's, the Prime Minister's, the Lord Chancellor's, the Archbishop of Canterbury's, anybody's—and had tacked himself on to the nobles of the earth in right of this quite supposititious fact. I believe he had been knighted himself for storming the English grammar at the point of a pen in a desperate address engrossed on vellum, on the occasion of the laying of the first stone of some building or other, and handing some Royal Personage either the trowel or the mortar. Be that as it may, he had directed Mrs. Pocket to be brought up from her cradle as one who in the nature of things must marry a title, and who was to be guarded from the acquisition of plebeian domestic knowledge. So successful a watch and ward had been established over the young lady by this judicious parent that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth, she had encountered Mr. Pocket, who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the Woolsack, or to roof himself in with a Mitre. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken Time by the forelock (at a season when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dower upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a Prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the Prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since, and it was supposed to have brought in but indifferent interest. Still Mrs. Pocket was in general the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of forgiving reproach because he had never got one.

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Both Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had such a noticeable air of being in somebody else's hands, that I wondered who really was in possession of the house and let them live there, until I found this unknown power to be the servants. It was a smooth way of going on, perhaps, in respect of saving trouble; but it had the appearance of being expensive, for the servants felt it a duty they owed to themselves to be nice in their eating and drinking, and to keep a deal of company down stairs. They allowed a very liberal table to Mr. and Mrs. Pocket; yet it always appeared to me that by far the best part of the house to have boarded in would have been the kitchen—always supposing the boarder capable of self-defense, for, before I had been there a week a neighboring lady, with whom the family were personally unacquainted, wrote in to say that she had seen Millers slapping the baby. This greatly distressed Mrs. Pocket, who burst into tears on receiving the note, and said it was an extraordinary thing that the neighbors couldn't mind their own business.

By degrees I learned, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but that when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket, very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades—of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone—he had wearied of that poor work and come to London. Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had "read" with divers who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw.

Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had a toady neighbor—a widow lady of that highly sympathetic nature that she agreed with every body, blessed every body, and shed smiles and tears on every body according to circumstances. This lady's name was Mrs. Coiler, and I had the honor of taking her down to dinner on the day of my installation. She gave me to understand on the stairs that it was a blow to dear Mrs. Pocket that dear Mr. Pocket should be under the necessity of receiving gentlemen to read with him. That did not extend to Me, she told me in a gush of love and confidence (at that time I had known her something less than five minutes); if they were all like Me, it would be quite another thing.

"But dear Mrs. Pocket," said Mrs. Coiler, "after his early disappointment (not that dear Mr. Pocket was to blame in that), requires so much luxury and elegance—"

"Yes, Ma'am," said I, to stop her, for I was afraid she was going to cry.

"And she is of so aristocratic a disposition—"

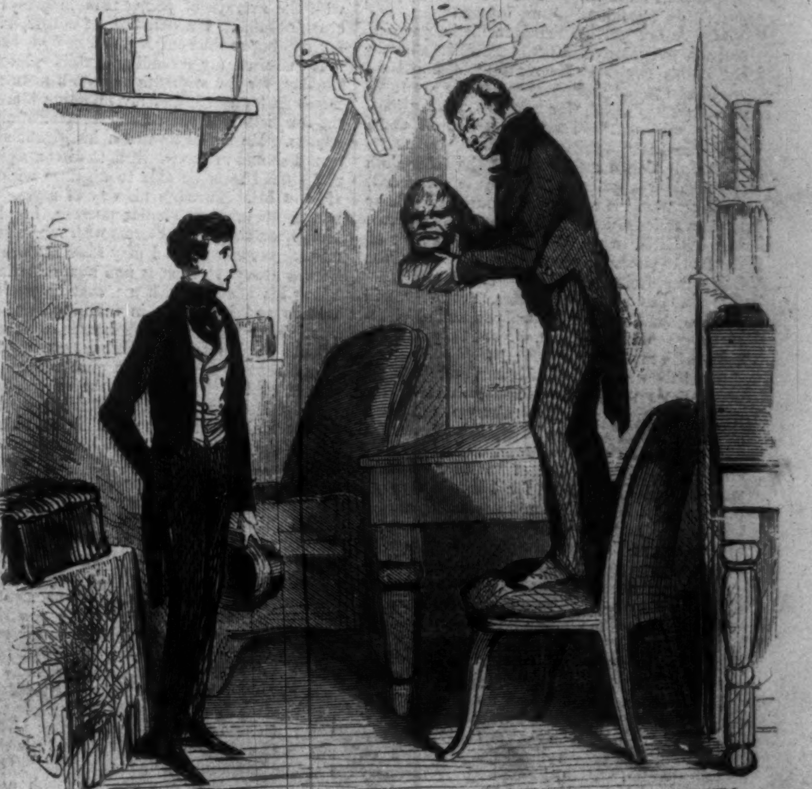
"Yes, Ma'am," I said again, with the same object as before.

"—that it *is* hard," said Mrs. Coiler, "to have dear Mr. Pocket's time and attention diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket."

I could not help thinking that it might be harder if the butcher's time and attention were diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket; but I said nothing, and indeed had enough to do in keeping a bashful watch upon my company-manners.

It came to my knowledge through what passed between Mrs. Pocket and Drummle while I was attentive to my knife and fork, spoon, glasses, and other instruments of self-destruction, that Drummle, whose Christian name was Bentley, was actually the next heir but two to a baronetcy. It further appeared that the book I had seen Mrs. Pocket reading in the garden was all about titles, and that she knew the date at which her grandpapa would have come into the book, if he ever had come at all. Drummle didn't say much, but in his limited way (he struck me as a sulky kind of fellow) he spoke as one of the elect, and recognized Mrs. Pocket as a woman and a sister. No one but themselves and Mrs. Coiler, the toady neighbor, showed any interest in this part of the conversation, and it appeared to me that it was painful to Herbert; but it promised to last a long time, when the page came in with the announcement of a domestic affliction. It was, in effect, that the cook had "mislaid" the beef. To my unutterable amazement, I now, for the first time, saw Mr. Pocket relieve his mind by going through a performance that struck me as very extraordinary, but which made no effect on any body else, and with which I soon became as familiar as the rest. He laid down the carving-knife and fork—being engaged in carving at the moment—put his two hands into his disturbed hair, and appeared to make an extraordinary effort to lift himself up by it. When he had done this, and had not lifted himself up at all, he quietly went on with what he was about.

Mrs. Coiler then changed the subject, and began to flatter me. I liked it for a few moments, but she flattered me so very grossly that the pleasure was soon over. She had a serpentine way of coming close at me when she pretended to be vitally interested in the friends and localities I had left, which was altogether snaky and fork-tongued; and when she made an occasional bounce upon Startop (who said very little), or upon Drummle (who said less, (I rather envied



"THIS CHAP MURDERED HIS MASTER."

them for being on the opposite side of the table.

After dinner the children were introduced, and Mrs. Coiler made admiring comments on their eyes, noses, and legs—a sagacious way of improving their minds. There were four little girls, and two little boys, besides the baby who might have been either, and the baby's next successor who was as yet neither. They were brought in by Flopson and Millers, much as though those two non-commissioned officers had been recruiting somewhere for children and had enlisted these: while Mrs. Pocket looked at the young Nobles that ought to have been, as if she rather thought she had had the pleasure of inspecting them before, but didn't quite know what to make of them.

“Here! Give me your fork, mum, and take the baby,” said Flopson. “Don't take it that way, or you'll get its head under the table.”

Thus advised, Mrs. Pocket took it the other way, and got its head upon the table; which was announced to all present by a prodigious concussion.

“Dear, dear! Give it me back, mum,” said Flopson; “and Miss Jane come and dance to baby, do!”

One of the little girls — a mere mite, who seemed to have prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others—stepped out of her place by me, and danced to and from the baby until it left off crying, and laughed. Then all the children laughed, and Mr. Pocket (who in the mean time had twice endeavored to lift himself up by the hair) laughed, and we all laughed and were glad.

Flopson, by dint of doubling the baby at the joints like a Dutch doll, then got it safely into Mrs. Pocket's lap, and gave it the nut-crackers to play with; at the same time recommending Mrs. Pocket to take notice that the handles of that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes, and sharply charging Miss Jane to look after the same. Then the two nurses left the room, and had a lively scuffle on the staircase with a dissipated page who had waited at dinner, and who had clearly lost half his buttons at the gaming-table.

I was made very uneasy in my mind by Mrs. Pocket's falling into a discussion with Drummle respecting the dates of two baronetcies while she ate a sliced orange steeped in sugar and wine, and, forgetting all about the baby on her lap, who did most appalling things with the nut-crackers. At length little Jane, perceiving its young brains to be imperiled, softly left her place, and with many small artifices coaxed the dangerous weapon away. Mrs. Pocket finishing her orange at about the same time, and not approving of this, said to Jane:

“You naughty child, how dare you? Go and sit down this instant!”

“Mamma dear,” lisped the little girl, “baby ood have put hith eyeth out.”

“How dare you tell me so!” retorted Mrs. Pocket. “Go and sit down in your chair this moment!”

Mrs. Pocket's dignity was so crushing that I felt quite abashed, as if I myself had done something to rouse it.

“Belinda,” remonstrated Mr. Pocket from the other end of the table, “how can you be so unreasonable? Jane only interfered for the protection of baby.”

“I will not allow any body to interfere,” said Mrs. Pocket. “I am surprised, Matthew, that you should expose me to the affront of interference.”

“Good God!” cried Mr. Pocket, in an outbreak of desolate desperation. “Are infants to be nut-crackered into their tombs, and is nobody to save them?”

“I will not be interfered with by Jane,” said Mrs. Pocket, with a majestic glance at that innocent little offender. “I hope I know my poor grandpapa's position. Jane, indeed!”

Mr. Pocket got his hands in his hair again, and this time really did lift himself some inches out of his chair. “Hear this!” he helplessly exclaimed to the elements. “Babies are to be nut-crackered dead, for people's poor grandpapa's positions!” Then he let himself down again, and became silent.

We all looked awkwardly at the table-cloth while this was going on. A pause succeeded, during which the honest and irrepressible baby made a series of leaps and crows at little Jane, who appeared to me to be the only member of the family (irrespective of servants) with whom it had any decided acquaintance.

“Mr. Drummle,” said Mrs. Pocket, “will you ring for Flopson? Jane, you undutiful little thing, go and lie down. Now, baby darling, come with ma!”

The baby was the soul of honor, and protested with all its might. It doubled itself up the wrong way over Mrs. Pocket's arm, exhibited a pair of knitted shoes and dimpled ankles to the company in lieu of its soft face, and was carried out in the highest state of mutiny. And it gained its point after all, for I saw it through the window within a few minutes, being nursed by little Jane.

It happened that the other five children were left behind at the dinner-table, through Flopson's having some private engagement and their not being any body else's business. I thus became aware of the mutual relations between them and Mr. Pocket; which were exemplified in the following manner. Mr. Pocket, with the normal perplexity of his face heightened and his hair rumpled, looked at them for some minutes as if he couldn't make out how they came to be boarding and lodging in that establishment, and why they hadn't been billeted by Nature on somebody else. Then, in a distant Missionary way, he asked them certain questions—as why little Joe had that hole in his frill: who said, Pa, Flopson was going to mend it when she had time—and how little Fanny came by that whitlow: who said, Pa, Millers was going to poultice it when she didn't forget. Then, he melted into parental tenderness, and gave them a shilling a piece and told them to go and play; and then as they went out, with one very strong effort to lift himself up by the hair, he dismissed the hopeless subject.

In the evening there was rowing on the river. As Drummle and Startop had each a boat I resolved to set up mine, and to cut them both out. I was pretty good at most exercises in which country-boys are adepts, but as I was conscious of wanting elegance of style for the Thames—not to say for other waters—I at once engaged to place myself under the tuition of the winner of a prize-wherry who plied at our stairs, and to whom I was introduced by my new allies. This practical authority confused me very much by saying I had the arm of a blacksmith. If he could have known how nearly the compliment lost him his pupil I doubt if he would have paid it.

There was a supper-tray after we got home at night, and I think we should all have enjoyed ourselves but for a rather disagreeable domestic occurrence. Mrs. Pocket was extremely sweet, and Mr. Pocket was in good spirits, when a housemaid came in, and said, “If you please, Sir, I should wish to speak to you.”

“Speak to your master?” said Mrs. Pocket, whose dignity was roused again. “How can you think of such a thing! Go and speak to Flopson. Or speak to me at some other time.”

“Begging your pardon, Ma'am,” returned the housemaid, “I should wish to speak at once, and to speak to master.”

Hereupon Mr. Pocket went out of the room, and we made the best of ourselves until he came back.

“This is a pretty thing, Belinda!” said Mr. Pocket, returning with a countenance expressive of grief and despair. “Here's the cook lying insensibly drunk on the kitchen-floor, with a large bundle of fresh butter made up in the cupboard ready to sell for grease!”

Mrs. Pocket instantly showed much amiable emotion, and said, “This is that odious Mary Anne's doing!”

“What do you mean, Belinda?” demanded Mr. Pocket.

“Mary Anne has told you,” said Mrs. Pocket. “Did I not see her with my own eyes and hear her with my own ears, come into the room just now and ask to speak to you?”

“But has she not taken me down stairs, Belinda,” returned Mr. Pocket, “and shown me the woman, and the bundle too?”

“And do you defend her, Matthew,” said Mrs. Pocket, “for making mischief?”

Mr. Pocket uttered a dismal groan.

“Am I, grandpapa's grand-daughter, to be nothing in the house?” said Mrs. Pocket. “Besides, the cook has always been a very nice respectful woman, and said, in the most natural manner, when she came to look after the situation, she felt I was born to be a Duchess.”

There was a sofa where Mr. Pocket stood, and he dropped upon it in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Still in that attitude, he said, with a hollow voice, “Good-night, Mr. Pip,” when I deemed it advisable to go to bed and leave him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

After two or three days, when I had established myself in my room, and had gone backward and forward to London several times, and had ordered all I wanted of my tradesmen, Mr. Pocket and I had a long talk together. He knew more of my intended career than I knew myself, for he referred to his having been told by Mr. Jaggers that I was not designed for any profession, and that I should be well enough educated for my destiny if I could “hold my own” with the average of young men in prosperous circumstances. I acquiesced, of course, knowing nothing to the contrary.

He advised my attending certain places in London, for the acquisition of such mere rudiments as I wanted, and my investing him with the functions of explainer and director of all my studies. He hoped that with intelligent assistance I should meet with little to discourage me, and should soon be able to dispense with any aid but his. Through his way of saying this, and much more to similar purpose, he placed himself on confidential terms with me in an admirable manner; and I may state at once that he was always so zealous and honorable in fulfilling his compact with me, that he made me zealous and honorable in fulfilling mine with him. If he had shown indifference as a master, I have no doubt I should have returned the compliment as a pupil; he gave me no such excuse, and each of us did the other justice. Nor did I ever regard him as having any thing ludicrous about him—or any thing but what was serious, honest, and good—in his tutor communication with me.

When these points were settled, and so far carried out as that I had begun to work in earnest, it occurred to me that if I could retain my bedroom in Barnard's Inn, my life would be agreeably varied, while my manners would be none the worse for Herbert's society. Mr. Pocket did not object to this arrangement, but urged that before any step could possibly be taken in it, it must be submitted to my guardian. I felt that his delicacy arose out of the consideration that the plan would save Herbert some expense; so I went off to Little Britain, and imparted my wish to Mr. Jaggers.

“If I could buy the furniture now hired for me,” said I, “and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there.”

“Go it!” said Mr. Jaggers, with a short laugh. “I told you you'd get on. Well! How much do you want?”

I said I didn't know how much.

“Come!” retorted Mr. Jaggers. “How much? Fifty pounds?”

“Oh, not nearly so much.”

“Five pounds?” said Mr. Jaggers.

This was such a great fall that I said in discomfiture, “Oh! more than that.”

“More than that, eh?” retorted Mr. Jaggers, lying in wait for me, with his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, and his eyes on the wall behind me; “how much more?”

“It is so difficult to fix a sum,” said I, hesitating.

“Come!” said Mr. Jaggers. “Let's get at it. Twice five; will that do? Three times five; will that do? Four times five; will that do?”

I said I thought that would do handsomely.

“Four times five will do handsomely, will it?” said Mr. Jaggers, knitting his brows. “Now what do you make of four times five?”

“What do I make of it?”

“Ah!” said Jaggers; “how much?”

“I suppose you make it twenty pounds,” said I, smiling.

“Never mind what *I* make it, my friend,” observed Mr. Jaggers, with a knowing and contradictory toss of his head. “I want to know what *you* make it.”

“Twenty pounds, of course.”

“Wemmick!” said Mr. Jaggers, opening his office-door. “Take Mr. Pip's written order, and pay him twenty pounds.”

This strongly marked way of doing business made a strongly marked impression on me, and that not of an agreeable kind. Mr. Jaggers never laughed; but he wore great bright creaking boots, and in poising himself on these boots, with his large head bent down and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes caused the boots to creak, as if *they* laughed in a dry and suspicious way. As he happened to go out now, and as Wemmick was brisk and talkative, I said to Wemmick that I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jaggers's manner.

“Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compliment,” answered Wemmick; “he don't mean that you *should* know what to make of it.—Oh!” for I looked surprised, “it's not personal; it's professional: only professional.”

Wemmick was at his desk, lunching — and crunching — on a dry, hard biscuit; pieces of which he threw from time to time into his slit of a mouth, as if he were posting them.

“Always seems to me,” said Wemmick, “as if he had set a man-trap and was watching it. Suddenly—click—you're caught!”

Without remarking that man-traps were not among the amenities of life, I said I supposed he was very skillful?

“Deep,” said Wemmick, “as Australia.” Pointing with his pen at the office floor, to express that Australia was understood for the purposes of the figure to be symmetrically on the opposite spot of the globe. “If there was any thing deeper,” added Wemmick, bringing his pen to paper, “he'd be it.”

Then I said I supposed he had a fine business, and Wemmick said “Ca-pi-tal!” Then I asked if there were many clerks? To which he replied:

“We don't run much into clerks, because there's only one Jaggers, and people won't have him at second-hand. There are only four of us. Would you like to see 'em? You are one of us, as I may say.”

I accepted the offer. When Mr. Wemmick had put all his biscuit into the post, and had paid me my money from a cash-box in a safe, the key of which safe he kept somewhere down his back, and produced from his coat-collar like an iron pigtail, we went up stairs. The house was dark and shabby, and the greasy shoulders that had left their mark in Mr. Jaggers's room seemed to have been shuffling up and down the staircase for years. In the front first floor, a clerk who looked something between a publican and a rat-catcher—a large pale, puffed, swollen man — was attentively engaged with three or four people of shabby appearance, whom he treated as unceremoniously as every body seemed to be treated who contributed to Mr. Jaggers's coffers. “Getting evidence together,” said Mr. Wemmick, as we came out, “for the Bailey.” In the room over that, a little flabby terrier of a clerk with dangling hair (his cropping seemed to have been forgotten when he was a puppy) was similarly engaged with a man with weak eyes, whom Mr. Wemmick presented to me as a smelter who kept his pot always boiling, and who would melt me any thing I pleased—and who was in an excessive white-perspiration, as if he had been trying his art on himself. In a back room, a high-shouldered man, with a face-ache tied up in dirty flannel, who was dressed in old black clothes that bore the appearance of having been waxed, was stooping over his work of making fair copies of the notes of the other two gentlemen, for Mr. Jaggers's own use.

This was all the establishment. When we went down stairs again Wemmick led me into my guardian's room, and said, “This you've seen already.”

“Pray,” said I, as the two odious casts with the twitchy leer upon them caught my sight again, “whose likenesses are those?”

“These?” said Wemmick, getting upon a chair, and blowing the dust off the horrible heads before bringing them down. “These are two celebrated ones. Famous clients of ours that got us a world of credit. This chap (why you must have come down in the night and been peeping into the inkstand, to get this blot upon your eyebrow, you old rascal!) murdered his master, and, considering that he wasn't brought up to evidence, didn't plan it badly.”

“Is it like him?” I asked, recoiling from the brute, as Wemmick spat upon his eyebrow and gave it a rub with his sleeve.

“Like him? It's himself, you know. The cast was made in Newgate, directly after he was taken down. You had a particular fancy for me, hadn't you, Old Artful?” said Wemmick. He then explained this affectionate apostrophe, by touching his brooch representing the lady and the weeping willow at the tomb with the urn upon it, and saying, “Had it made for me, express!”

“Is the lady anybody?” said I.

“No,” returned Wemmick. “Only his game. (You liked your bit of game, didn't you?) No; deuce a bit of a lady in the case, Mr. Pip, except one—and she wasn't of this slender, lady-like sort, and you wouldn't have caught *her* looking after this urn—unless there was something to drink in it.” Wemmick's attention being thus directed to his brooch, he put down the cast and polished the brooch with his pocket-handkerchief.

“Did that other creature come to the same end?” I asked. “He has the same look.”

“You're right,” said Wemmick, “it's the genuine look. Much as if one nostril was caught up with a horse-hair and a little fish-hook. Yes, he came to the same end; quite the natural end here, I assure you. He forged wills, this blade did, if he didn't also put the supposed testators to sleep—and it looked precious like it. You were a gentlemanly Cove, too” (Mr. Wemmick was again apostrophizing), “and you said you could write Greek. Yah, Bounceable! What a liar you were! I never met such a liar as you!” Before putting his late friend on his shelf again, Wemmick touched the largest of his mourning rings, and said, “Sent out to buy it for me only the day before.”

While he was putting up the other cast and coming down from the chair, the thought crossed my mind that all his personal jewelry was derived from like sources. As he had shown no diffidence on the subject, I ventured on the liberty of asking him the question, when he stood before me, dusting his hands.

“Oh yes,” he returned, “these are all gifts of that kind. One brings another, you see; that's the way of it. I always take 'em. They're curiosities. And they're property. They may not be worth much, but, after all, they're property and portable. It don't signify to you with your brilliant look-out, but as to myself, my guiding-star always is, ‘Get hold of portable property.’”

When I had rendered homage to this light, he went on to say, in a friendly manner:

“If at any odd time, when you have nothing better to do, you wouldn't mind coming over to see me at Walworth, I could offer you a bed, and I should consider it an honor. I have not much to show you; but such two or three curiosities as I have got you might like to look over; and I am fond of a bit of garden and a summer-house.

I said I should be delighted to accept his hospitality.

“Thank'ee,” said he; “then we'll consider that it's to come off, when convenient to you. Have you dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?”

“Not yet.”

“Well,” said Wemmick, “he'll give you wine, and good wine. I'll give you punch, and not bad punch. And now I'll tell you something. When you go to dine with Mr. Jaggers, look at his housekeeper.

“Shall I see something very uncommon?”

“Well,” said Wemmick, “you'll see a wild beast tamed. Not so very uncommon,” you'll tell me. I reply, that depends on the original wildness of the beast, and the amount of taming. It won't lower your opinion of Mr. Jaggers's powers. Keep your eye on it.”

I told him I would do so with all the interest and curiosity that his preparation awakened. As I was taking my departure, he asked me if I would like to devote five minutes to seeing Mr. Jaggers “at it?”

For several reasons, and not least because I didn't clearly know what Mr. Jaggers would be found to be “at,” I replied in the affirmative. We dived into the City, and came up in a crowded police-court, where a blood-relation (in the murderous sense) of the deceased with the fanciful taste in brooches was standing at the bar, uncomfortably chewing something; while my guardian had a woman under examination or cross-examination—I don't know which—and was striking her, and the bench, and every body present, with awe. If any body, of whatsoever degree, said a word that he didn't approve of, he instantly required to have it “taken down.” If any body wouldn't make an admission, he said, “I'll have it out of you!” and if any body made an admission, he said, “Now I have got you!” The magistrates shivered under a single bite of his finger. Thieves and thief-takers hung in dread rapture on his words, and shrank when a hair of his eyebrows turned in their direction. Which side he was on I couldn't make out, for he seemed to me to be grinding the whole place in a mill; I only know that when I stole out on tip-toe he was not on the side of the bench, for he was making the legs of the old gentleman who presided quite convulsive under the table, by his denunciations of his conduct as the representative of British law and justice in that chair that day.

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

On Friday, February 22, in the Senate, after the passage of a number of private bills, the Post-route Bill was taken up, and the question of compensation for carrying the overland mail was discussed by the members from California. The bill providing for the payment of expenses incurred in suppressing Indian hostilities in the Pacific Department was also discussed, but gave way to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, upon which Senator Gwin, of California, made an effort to tack the Chiriqui amendment to the Deficiency Bill, but did not succeed. The Senate finally adjourned without action.——The House was not in session.

On Saturday, 23d, the Senate passed the bill providing for the payment of expenses incurred in suppressing Indian hostilities in Washington and Oregon, and a similar one providing for the expenses in Utah. The Post-route Bill and the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill were debated in the Senate. Among the amendments proposed to the latter was one offered by Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, providing for the payment for marble for the Custom-house at Charleston, South Carolina. It was ruled out, however, on a point of order.——In the House, the Tariff Bill occupied attention in Committee of the Whole, and the first Senate amendment, reducing the proposed $21,000,000 loan, was agreed to. During the debate Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, made an attack upon General Scott, for the efforts he has made to preserve the peace of the country. It was finally agreed that the House should meet on Monday at 10 o'clock, and continue the debate on the Tariff in Committee until 1 o'clock, when the amendments should be reported to the House and acted upon finally.

On Monday, 25th, the Senate, after the usual business of the morning hour, passed to the consideration of Mr. Colfax's bill providing for the discontinuance of the postal service in the seceded States. Various substitutes were offered but were rejected, and the bill, with some slight modification, finally passed, by a vote of 34 to 12. The Senate then considered the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, and acted upon amendments agreed upon in Committee. Senator Green, of Missouri, made an attempt to tack on the Chiriqui amendment, but it failed, and the bill, after some factious opposition, was passed.——In the House, according to agreement on Saturday, the Senate's amendments to the Tariff Bill were disposed of. The amendment fixing a duty upon tea and coffee was disagreed to. Before the whole were finally acted upon a motion was made to adjourn, the object being to prevent action on Mr. Stanton's Volunteer Bill, which was subsequently to be taken up. The attempt, however, failed, and the Senate's amendments to the Tariff Bill were all agreed to except the one mentioned above. A Committee of Conference was then ordered, and a similar one asked for on the part of the Senate.

On Tuesday, 26th, the Senate appointed a Committee of Conference on the tea and coffee amendments to the Tariff Bill. The Post Route Bill was passed, and also bills organizing the Territories of Colorado, Nevada, and Dacotah. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was passed. The Army Appropriation Bill was discussed, and reported to the Senate.——In the House, after the presentation of a number of memorials relative to the troubles of the nation, the bill called the Force Bill, authorizing the President to accept the services of volunteers to aid in enforcing the laws, was taken up, and after considerable discussion Mr. Corwin moved that its further consideration be postponed till Thursday next. The motion was carried by a vote of 100 to 74. This action is said to be a virtual defeat of the bill. The next business in order was the report of the Select Committee of Thirty-three on the crisis. A scene of great confusion and excitement ensued, which lasted till eight o'clock in the evening, the Democrats resorting to all expedients to prevent a vote being taken, in which they were aided by the conservative Republicans. The House finally adjourned without taking any action on the report.

On Wednesday, 27th, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, moved to postpone the regular order—the Army Bill—and take up the Crittenden proposition, alleging as a reason that the Peace Conference were unlikely to agree upon any plan which would satisfy the country. His motion was disagreed to—27 to 16. The report of the Committee of Conference on the Tariff Bill, recommending concurrence with the House in striking out the duty on tea and coffee, was agreed to, and the bill only awaits the signature of the President to become a law. The Army Bill was then considered and passed—an amendment offered by Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, proposing to reduce the salaries of officers, being rejected. A communication from the President of the Peace Conference was received, announcing that the Conference had agreed upon the proposition inclosed, and asking Congress to submit it to the Legislatures of the States. On motion of Senator Crittenden it was ordered to be printed and referred to a Select Committee, with instructions to report at 10 o'clock on 28th. Senator Mason, of Virginia, then moved an executive session, and the motion prevailed.——In the House, the Select Committee on the Abstracted Bonds were authorized to make inquiries as to whether Wm. H. Russell, or any person for him, has paid money to any person to assist him in obtaining Government contracts. The report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three was then considered. The first proposition voted upon was the one providing for calling a National Convention, which was rejected—109 to 74. The next proposition acted upon was that of Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, which was also rejected—158 to 33. It was explained, however, that the reason for voting this proposition down was, that its adoption would have prevented any vote on the Crittenden plan, as submitted by Mr. Clemens, of Virginia. The latter was next in order, and suffered the same fate as the preceding ones. The vote stood 80 for to 113 against it. The question then recurred on the first resolution in the series reported by Mr. Corwin—of which we give the substance below—and they were adopted, 136 to 53. The House then took up the joint resolution reported by the Committee, providing for an amendment of the Constitution, so as to prevent legislation on the subject of slavery outside the Slave States. This was changed, on the motion of Mr. Corwin, so as to provide against any amendment of the Constitution authorizing such legislation, and the resolution, so amended, was rejected—the requisite two-thirds vote not being obtained.

On Thursday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Crittenden, from the Select Committee to whom the action of the Peace Conference had been submitted, made a report recommending its adoption. Senator Seward submitted a substitute, providing for the submission of the Constitutional amendment question to the Legislatures of the various States. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, offered a proviso to the first section of the amendment proposed by the Conference, declaring against the right of any State to secede. Finally the report, the amendments, and the joint resolution adopting the report, were ordered to be printed and laid over. The Post-office Bill was then considered, and an amendment proposed by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, changing the Butterfield route, and providing for a daily mail by the Central route to California and the Pony Express, was adopted. The recompense is to be one million dollars. The Senate then went into Executive Session, and soon afterward adjourned.——In the House, after the presentation of petitions, the first business in order was the motion to reconsider the vote on Mr. Corwin's proposed amendment to the Constitution, by which it was on Wednesday rejected. Messrs. Kilgore, of Indiana, and Stanton, of Ohio, made strong appeals in favor of a reconsideration, and the adoption of the resolution. The vote of Wednesday was reconsidered—128 to 65. The question then recurred on the adoption of the resolution, and it was adopted by the requisite two-thirds vote—133 to 65. The Senate's amendments to Mr. Colfax's bill providing for the discontinuance of the postal service in the seceded States were agreed to, and the bill went to the President for his signature. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, from the Committee on the Abstracted Bonds, reported in favor of a Commission to make a settlement with William H. Russell and others, but the report was disagreed to by a decisive vote. The House then considered the Senate's amendments—forty-two in number—to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill until the adjournment.

### MR. CORWIN'S AMENDMENT.

The following is the resolution of Mr. Corwin, as passed, after reconsideration, by the House, on Thursday, February 28.

### JOINT RESOLUTION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

*Be it Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution, viz.:

"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

### THE PERILOUS COMMITTEE'S COMPROMISE.

The resolutions reported by Mr. Corwin's Committee of Thirty-three, which were adopted on 27th by a vote of 136 to 53, declare, substantially—

1. That all proper and constitutional remedies for existing discontents, and all guarantees for existing rights, necessary to preserve the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted.

2. That all attempts to obstruct the recovery of fugitive slaves are inconsistent with inter-State comity, and dangerous to the peace of the Union.

3. That the several States be requested to revise their statutes and repeal such as may be in conflict with Federal laws on this subject.

4. That slavery is recognized as existing by usage in fifteen States, and there is no authority outside those States to interfere with it.

5. That the laws on the subject of fugitives from labor should be faithfully executed, and that citizens of each State should be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.

6. That there is no cause for a dissolution of this Government, and that it is the duty of Congress to preserve its existence on terms of equality and justice to all the States.

7. That the faithful observance of the Constitution, on the part of the States, is essential to the peace of the country.

8. That each State is requested to revise its statutes, and amend them if necessary, so as to protect citizens of other States who may be traveling therein against violence.

9. That each State be requested to enact laws to punish invasions of other States from its soil.

10. That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Governors and Legislatures of the several States.

11. That as no proposition has been made to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia or Government dock-yards, or to interfere with the inter-State slave trade, no action on these subjects is needed.

### THE PEACE CONFERENCE COMPROMISE.

The peace conference at Washington adjourned on 27th, *sine die*, after having adopted, as a basis of adjustment, what is known as the Franklin compromise. This compromise is as follows:

### ARTICLE THIRTEEN.

*Sec.* 1. In all the present territory of the United States north of the parallel of 36 degrees 30 minutes of north latitude, involuntary servitude, except as punishment of crime, is prohibited. In all the present territory south of that line the status of persons held to service or labor, as it now exists, shall not be changed. Nor shall any law be passed by Congress or the territorial legislature to hinder or prevent the taking of such persons from any of the States of the Union to said territory, nor to impair the rights arising from said relation. But the same shall be subject to judicial cognizance in the Federal courts, according to the course of the common law. When any territory, north or south of said line, with such boundary as Congress may prescribe, shall contain a population equal to that required for a member of Congress, it shall, if its form of government be Republican, be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, with or without involuntary servitude, as the Constitution of such State may provide.

*Sec.* 2. Territory shall not be acquired by the United States, unless by treaty; nor, except for naval and commercial stations and dépôts, unless such treaty shall be ratified by four-fifths of all the members of the Senate.

The other articles prohibit Congress from abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia without the consent of Maryland and of the owners, and without making due compensation: from abolishing slavery in the United States dock-yards; and from taxing slaves higher than land. Another article prohibits the slave-trade forever. The other articles aim at a more thorough execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

### FLIGHT OF THE PRESIDENT TO WASHINGTON.

The city was startled on Saturday by the intelligence that the President-elect, instead of proceeding on his journey to Washington from Harrisburg, in accordance with the published programme, on Saturday morning, had left the latter city secretly, on a special train, on Friday night, and returning to Philadelphia, had passed thence, unrecognized, through Baltimore, and was already in the Federal Capital. This step, it appears, was induced by the desire to avoid threatened trouble in Baltimore, and was taken at the earnest solicitation of his friends and leading Republicans in Washington, who had received authentic information that an organized demonstration would be made against him in Baltimore—if, indeed, he were allowed to reach there alive: for it was also feared that an attempt would be made to throw the Presidential train from the track on the Northern Central Railroad. This information, it appears, was imparted to Mr. Lincoln on Thursday night at Philadelphia, and he consented, after considerable hesitation, to the private arrangement which was subsequently carried into effect. He reached Washington early on Saturday morning, and proceeded quietly to his hotel, his arrival being known to but few. He soon afterward, in company with Senator Seward, paid a visit to President Buchanan, and interchanged civilities with him and with other gentlemen of distinction.

### ONE VERSION OF THE PLOT.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "It appears that the plot was concocted in Baltimore, and, being discovered by a detective officer, was by him communicated to two or three leading Republicans, including Mr. Seward and Thurlow Weed. Afterward it was made known to Mr. Judd, of the Presidential party.

"On Thursday last, the intelligence having been privately forwarded to New York, several detectives were at once sent from that city to confer and co-operate with those who had the matter originally in charge. Mr. General Superintendent Kennedy and Commissioner Acton were also on hand. Together they succeeded in ferreting out the details of the conspiracy, and enough has been made known to give it, in the minds of these men, a rank by the side of the most infamous attempts ever made upon human life.

"The exact mode in which the conspirators intended to consummate their designs has not yet transpired; but enough is known to be satisfactory that either an infernal machine was to be placed under the cars or railway, like the Orsini attempt upon Napoleon, or some obstruction placed upon the track whereby the train would be thrown down an embankment at some convenient spot; and that if these failed, then, on the arrival at Baltimore, during the rush and crush of the crowd, as at Buffalo, by knife or pistol, the assassination was to be effected.

"It has also been ascertained that two or three of the conspirators were in New York on Wednesday, the 20th inst., watching the course of events while the President-elect was there."

### ANOTHER VERSION.

The *Times* correspondent says: "On Thursday night after he had retired, Mr. Lincoln was aroused and informed that a stranger desired to see him on a matter of life or death. He declined to admit him unless he gave his name, which he at once did. Of such prestige did the name carry that while Mr. Lincoln was yet disrobed he granted an interview to the caller.

"A prolonged conversation elicited the fact that an organized body of men had determined that Mr. Lincoln should not be inaugurated, and that he should never leave the city of Baltimore alive, if, indeed, he ever entered it.

"The list of the names of the conspirators presented a most astonishing array of persons high in Southern confidence, and some whose fame is not to this country alone.

"Statesmen laid the plan, bankers indorsed it, and adventurers were to carry it into effect. As they understood Mr. Lincoln was to leave Harrisburg at nine o'clock this morning by special train, and the idea was, if possible, to throw the cars from the road at some point where they would rush down a steep embankment and destroy in a moment the lives of all on board. In case of the failure of this project, their plan was to surround the carriage on the way from dépôt to dépôt in Baltimore, and assassinate him with dagger or pistol-shot.

"So authentic was the source from which the information was obtained that Mr. Lincoln, after counseling his friends, was compelled to make arrangements which would enable him to subvert the plans of his enemies.

"Greatly to the annoyance of the thousands who desired to call on him last night, he declined giving a reception. The final council was held at eight o'clock.

"Mr. Lincoln did not want to yield, and Colonel Sumner actually cried with indignation; but Mrs. Lincoln, seconded by Mr. Judd and Mr. Lincoln's original informant, insisted upon it, and at nine o'clock Mr. Lincoln left on a special train. He wore a Scotch plaid cap and a very long military cloak, so that he was entirely unrecognizable. Accompanied by Superintendent Lewis and one friend, he started, while all the town, with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, Colonel Sumner, Mr. Judd, and two reporters, who were sworn to secrecy, supposed him to be asleep.

"The telegraph-wires were put beyond the reach of any one who might desire to use them."

### YET A THIRD.

The *Tribune* says: "The facts, as given by Superintendent Kennedy, are substantially as follows: The police authorities of Baltimore had come to the conclusion that there would be little demonstration of any kind during Mr Lincoln's passage through the city. Indeed, so firmly had they become convinced of this, and that there would be no riotous proceedings, that they had determined to employ a force of only twenty men for the special duty of attending to the route of the Presidential cortége through Baltimore. The reason alleged for this course was, that they wished to demonstrate to the country and to the world the law-and-order character of the city.

"This coming to the ears of General Scott, he at once declared that one of two things must be done: either a military escort must be provided for Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore, or there must be a *coup de main* by which he should be brought through the city unknown to the populace. Under the circumstances, it was thought that the employment of a military escort might create undue excitement, and the cause of its being brought into requisition misinterpreted. The alternative of employing stratagem was therefore determined upon. A messenger—a civilian, and not a military man—carrying three or four letters from men high in position, and one from General Scott, was therefore immediately dispatched to Philadelphia. He had an interview, and delivered his letters sometime toward midnight of last Thursday. It is not known that the fact was communicated to any other person than Mr. Lincoln on that night. Mr. Lincoln, therefore, was apprised of the deviation from the published plan of his journey before he left Philadelphia. The messenger then went on to make arrangements for the special train which conveyed Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg the next morning."

### PROPOSED ATTEMPT ON MR. LINCOLN'S LIFE.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* publishes a letter which it received last December, under cover for transmission to Mr. Lincoln, from a gentleman in one of the Gulf States. He gave references to business houses in Cincinnati, who vouch for his reliability, and states that on the 15th December he became possessed of information rendering it positive that an attempt was to be made upon Mr. Lincoln's life on inauguration-day. A wealthy and influential man, living in the town where the writer resided, had openly declared that he would kill Mr. Lincoln; and the plan, as devised by himself and friends, was for three or four hundred of the conspirators to collect at some convenient point on inauguration-day, with the one who aspired to be the assassin in their midst. While Mr. Lincoln was speaking he was to shoot him with a rifle, probably a Maynard, made in such a manner that it could be carried in an inside coat-pocket. His friends, it was expected, would be able to shield the assassin from detection whether he was successful or not. Two weeks after the receipt of this letter the editor of the *Commercial* received another from the same source, reaffirming the information first given.

### SEIZURE OF NEW YORK VESSELS AT SAVANNAH.

We read in the Savannah *Republican* of February 22:

"Up to the present time the arms seized by the New York police have failed to come to hand, or even to be delivered into the possession of the agent of the State in New York. There is no prospect of their recovery, according to present appearances, and the Governor has determined to resort to other means for reimbursing our citizens for their loss. Under his order Colonel Lawton seized yesterday the following vessels now in port, belonging to citizens of New York, and placed them under a military guard:

"Ship *Martha J. Ward*, 758 tons, Captain Hinckley, consigned to Brigham, Baldwin, & Co., and loading for Liverpool.

"Bark *Adjuster*, 495 tons, Captain Enell, consigned to Muller and Michels, and loading for Queenstown and a market.

"Brig *Harold*, consigned to W. B. Giles & Co., and loading with lumber for Sunderland.

"These vessels are of sufficient value to make up a good portion of the loss, and we presume the Governor will forth with advertise them for sale at the expiration of thirty days, unless the arms shall be laid down in Savannah in the mean time."

### DISMISSAL OF A REVENUE OFFICER.

Secretary Dix has recently issued the following order:

"John G. Breshwood, a captain in the revenue service, while in command of the revenue-cutter *Robert M'Clelland*, having, in violation of his official oath and of his duty to the Government, surrendered his vessel to the State of Louisiana, and S. B. Caldwell and Thomas D. Foster, lieutenants under his command, having been parties to the surrender, it is hereby directed that their names be stricken from the rolls of said service.

"By order of the President of the United States.

"JOHN A. DIX.
"*Secretary of the Treasury.*"

### NO ATTACK TO BE MADE ON FORT SUMTER.

Information from the highest sources in Charleston give assurance that no immediate attack is meditated on Fort Sumter. Governor Pickens has restrained any demonstration thus far, and was glad to be relieved of further responsibility by the action at Montgomery. Major Anderson writes that no unusual preparations have been recently made, and some of the works have been apparently suspended.

### THE $8,000,000 LOAN.

The bids for the United States eight million loan were opened at the Treasury Department in Washington City on Saturday last. The total amount offered was $14,355,000, at rates ranging from 75 to 96, most of the bids being between 90 and 91. The loan was taken at an average of 90.60. It has since sold at 93.75.

### THE NEW SOUTHERN TARIFF.

An act of the Congress of the Confederated States of the South, adopted on the 18th inst., a copy of which is published below, declares a tariff of duty on goods imported into the new republic on and after the 4th of March, proximo:

*Be it enacted*, That the following articles shall be exempt from duty, and admitted free into the several States, to wit. Bacon, pork, ham, lard, beef, fish of all kinds, wheat, and flour of all other grains, Indian corn and meal, barley flour, rice and rice flour, oats and oatmeal, gunpowder and all the materials of which it is made, lead in all forms, arms of every description, and munitions of war and military accoutrements, percussion caps, and living animals of all kinds; also all agricultural products in their natural state.

*Section* 2 enacts that all goods, wares, and merchandise imported from any one of the late United States of America, not being a member of this Confederacy, before the 4th of March next, which may have been *bona fide* purchased heretofore, or within ten days after the passage of this act, shall be exempt from duty.

*Section* 3 enacts that the State of Texas be, and is hereby, exempted from the operation of the tariff laws heretofore passed or adopted by this Congress.

HOWELL COBB, President of the Congress.
J. J. HOOPER, Secretary.
Passed February 18, 1861.

In consequence of the passage of this law the mails from the South for the past three days have been teeming with orders to forward so as to arrive within the Confederacy before the 4th of March; for all goods which arrive after that date will be subject to duties; therefore goods for New Orleans are ordered *via* Savannah. The Southern people will feel at once the effect of the tariff in the advance of prices on Northern manufactures. The merchant there who pays the tariff of a dollar on a hat or pair of boots will of course charge his customer the excess.

The Southern "Congress" passed an act on Wednesday, authorizing the President of the Confederated States to borrow $15,000,000 to support the Government, payable in ten years, at 8 per cent. interest. The act also directs a levy of ⅛c. per pound on cotton exported after the 1st of August, to create a fund to liquidate the principal and interest of the loan.

### SOUTHERN TARIFF PUT OFF.

Official notice has been given that the secession collectors at Charleston and Savannah will pass goods sent by Adams Express Company, if each case is accompanied by an invoice of its contents, with the affidavit of the seller attached, certifying that they were *bona fide* purchases made previous to the first of March, and an affidavit that they were *put on board ship before the fifteenth of March*. The seller's affidavit must particularly describe the number, mark, etc., of the case or cases in which the invoiced goods are packed.

### GENERAL TWIGGS TO HIS TROOPS.

The following order has been published:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF TE[illegible]
SAN ANTONIO, *February* 7, 1861.

"SIR,—I am commanded by the Commanding Ge[illegible] of the department to address you as follows:

"The Secession Act has passed the Convention of t[illegible] State, to take effect on the 2d day of March next. Nothing has been heard at these head-quarters as to the disposition of the troops. The General Commanding has made five applications for orders, or intimation from Washington as to what is to be done, but has received no answer.

"You will therefore continue to do duty as usual until further orders: but prepare to move at a short notice, reducing the baggage as much as possible. If the General Commanding knew at this time how the troops are to be disposed of you would be informed, but he does not. He will, however, remain with them until something is done, and attend to their comforts as far as circumstances will permit. I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, W. A. NICHOLS, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

### SURRENDER OF UNITED STATES PROPERTY BY GENERAL TWIGGS

Dispatches from Texas announce that General Twiggs, the commander of the Federal troops in that department, has turned over to the State authorities the property of the United States, valued at $1,300,000. The Federal troops were allowed to depart quietly. There are, we believe, about two thousand United States troops in Texas. General Twiggs, it will be recollected, has been offered the command of the Georgia State troops.

A dispatch from Washington, dated February 26, says:

"The dispatch received yesterday by the Secretary of War, informing him that General Twiggs had surrendered the military property to the revolutionists in Texas, was from the Commissary of Subsistence, and dated at New Orleans. He adds that, as a loan, the use of the Government means of transportation was allowed to take the Federal troops to the sea-board, and they were permitted to take with them three or four cannon and their side-arms. The Secretary received this morning documents from Texas showing that as early as the 7th of February General Twiggs was entering into negotiations with the Texans for the surrender of the military property. Colonel Waite was several weeks ago appointed to succeed General Twiggs as chief of the military department of Texas; but it appears he had not reached there at the time of General Twiggs's surrender, which is considered by governmental authorities here as one of the most disgraceful and atrocious acts yet committed by the secessionists."

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

### BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH THIS COUNTRY.

THE following extract from a letter dated London, February 8, 1861, and written by the Duke of Newcastle, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to a gentleman of this city, is quoted as a candid and voluntary expression of English opinion, and one entitled to more than usual importance, considering the eminent source from which it emanates:

"Let me assure you and those with whom you are associated how anxiously we all desire in this country to see a happy termination to the troubles which are now afflicting the United States. The accounts from thence are watched with an intensity of interest scarcely less than that which, three years ago, attached to every mail from India. I am, dear Sir, yours, very truly,

"NEWCASTLE."

### THE ENGLISH FIRM AGAINST SLAVERY.

John Mitchell writes as follows in his last letter from Paris to the Charleston *Mercury*:

"On the whole, I would beg most earnestly to impress upon you the conviction that in Europe generally, but in England particularly, you have no chance, no *locus standi*, no pretension to be considered as Christian men, or perhaps as human beings, except the cotton field alone. But for *that*, and the interests hanging upon that, you would be hunted from the face of the earth, and erased from creation by the indignant voice of an outraged Nineteenth Century. Unhappy, stupid, and driveling century! It falls to *you*—it devolves upon you—especially, you Southern men of America, to bring back men's minds to the manly and straightforward days of old—days when there were no poor-houses, and when fathers and mothers did not strangle their children for the sake of the burial fees."

### PROPOSED MEDIATION.

A Berne telegraphic dispatch of the 13th ult. says it was through the medium of the Swiss Consulate at Algeria that Mr. Cobden proposed that Switzerland should mediate between the contending States of America. The Federal Council had declined the proposition, on the ground that it was not qualified for such an office.

### NEGOTIATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

A number of English merchants were about to present an address to the Queen praying that a negotiation be opened with France for a mutual reduction of existing armaments.

### ITALY.

### GAETA SURRENDERED.

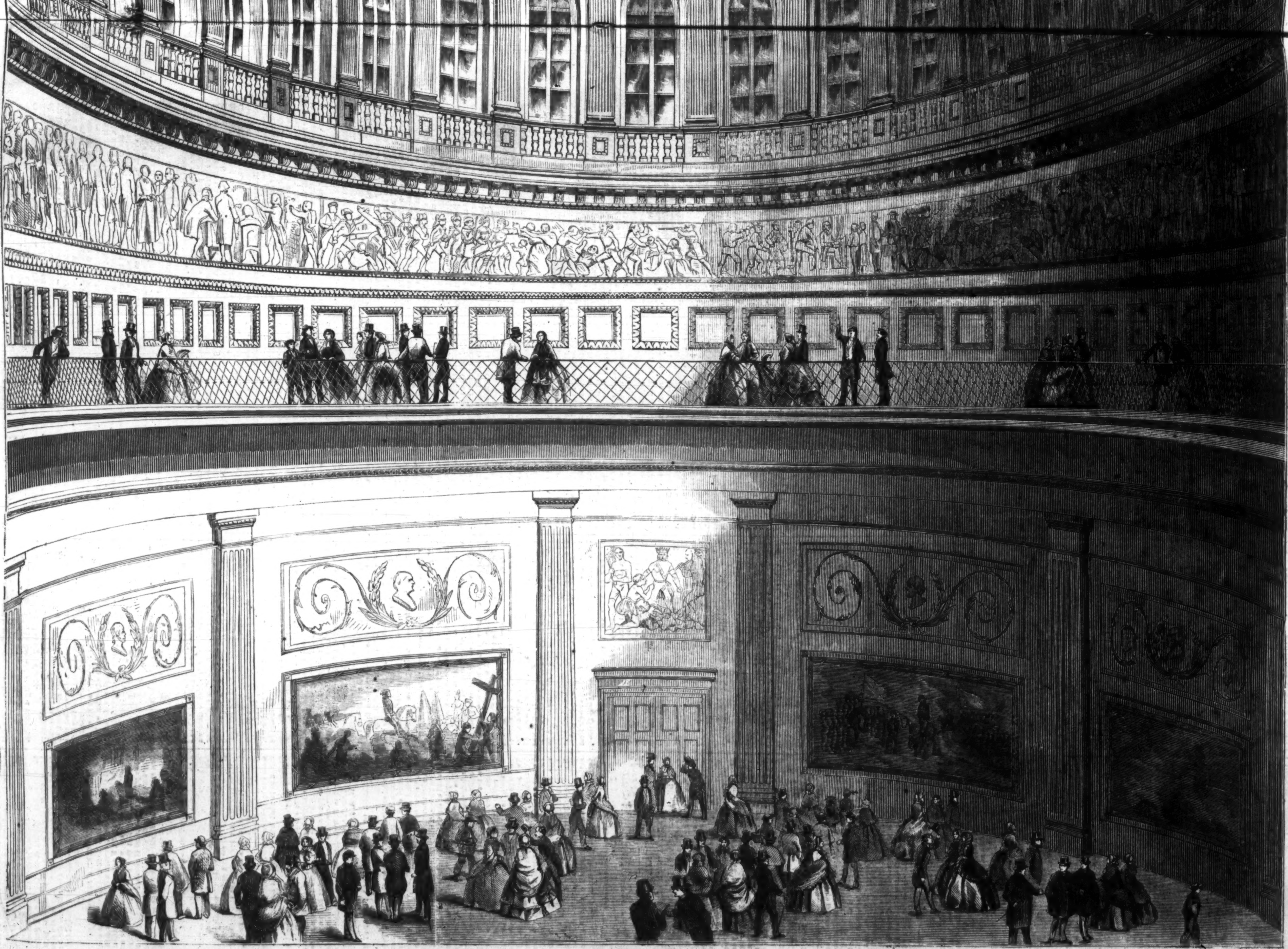
The Sardinians have at last been successful at Gaeta. The garrison capitulated on the 14th. The King and Queen were to embark on board a French ship, but their destination is not stated.

### SYRIA.

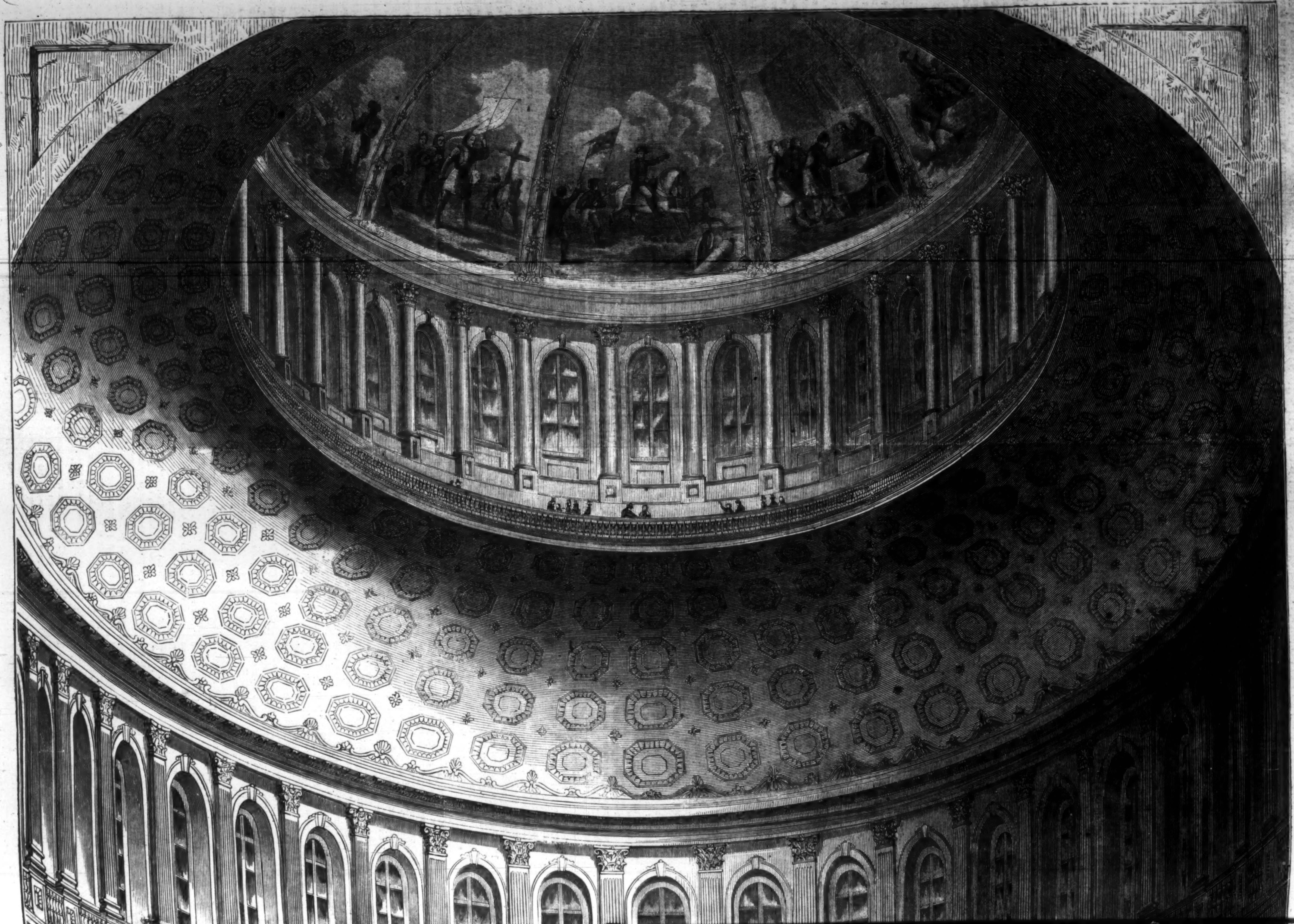
### OUTRAGE ON TWO AMERICANS.

The London *American* of the 9th inst. says: "We learn that an outrage has been committed in Palestine on two American travelers, the Rev. Dr. Leyburn and Mr. Low. These gentlemen, being on their way to the Dead Sea across the wilderness of Engedi, had halted, for refreshment, on the 26th ult., on the shores of the Jordan, when suddenly a party of Arabs, one of whom had been having a conference with their guide, an Arab sheik, rushed upon them from an ambush with pointed spears and at full gallop, demanding their money. Mr. Low presented his revolver, but it missed fire; whereupon the Arabs took their watches, jewelry, and clothes, and disappeared across the river, taking two of their horses, which were afterward found. The sheik galloped off to Jericho for help. Mr. Low was fortunate enough to discover an Arab cloak, and he and his companions, scantily clothed, made the best of their way to Jerusalem. Mr. Page, United States Consul, took immediate steps for the discovery of the robbers and the restitution of the spoils. He demanded of the Pacha that the Arab sheik should be kept as a hostage, which was done. The event will undoubtedly lead to the demand for guarantees for the better security of American travelers."

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



INTERIOR OF THE NEW DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—[FROM THE DESIGNS OF T. U. WALTER, ARCHITECT.]



## THE "VANDERLYN."

One of the most unfortunate failures resulting from the "panic" of 1836 was that of Stirling, Field, & Co., a leading house in the shipping interest. Long and bravely James Stirling bore up against the storm; day after day making fresh sacrifices of private fortune, in hope of saving commercial credit; and when his last resources were exhausted, when his best efforts could keep back the sea of troubles no longer, utter ruin overwhelmed him, ingulfing in an instant the hopes and interests of a lifetime. Not the least of his trials in this dark hour was the consciousness that, in his anxiety to preserve the credit of Stirling, Field, & Co., he had overstepped the bounds of honor; having converted to the use of the firm the fortune left in trust for an orphan son of his late partner, William Field. This was the last drop of bitterness which filled his cup to overflowing, and while crossing the water on his return home that fatal day he was haunted by the thought, 'twould be a mercy to him if the boat never reached shore.

On the south side of Staten Island Mr. Stirling had made him a pleasant home, and of all the property he had but yesterday claimed this was the last he could call his own. As he turned into the familiar path leading to Cedar Hill he felt that, in strict justice, even the old homestead ought to be given up and conveyed away to his injured ward.

Harry Field had long been an inmate of the pleasant household at Cedar Hill, and was ever a favorite there; but at this moment his guardian experienced the singular sense of exasperation and spite toward him with which we often regard one whom we have wronged. While these unkindly reveries still occupied Mr. Stirling's mind, the very object of his thought sprang from a rustic bench beside the path and stood before him.

Often he had met the boy in this way and returned his frank, hearty greeting with evident pleasure; but now his presence seemed like an accusation, and the merchant started back with an instinct of self-defense, as though an adder lay at his feet.

What terrible blunders humanity is capable of making! On that day, of all unfortunate days in his life, Harry Field had determined to ask consent to his marriage with Alice, his guardian's only child.

The ruined, broken, despairing man heard his first embarrassed sentences in silence, dismayed, astonished; but the youth only gained confidence from this, and discoursed with impassioned eloquence on the brilliant prospects, the certain happiness, and eminent suitability of the proposed alliance. At twenty, Harry Field was still an enthusiastic boy—in love, too—that must be considered; but yet how could he so spread every sail to catch the full fury of the coming storm.

What answer the bankrupt made—what flood of bitterness poured out, the gates being opened—concerns us not. The stunned and bewildered young man hardly heard it all. These words only he remembered—and they rang in his ears for many a day—"A beggar—a young pauper, and want to marry my Alice! Go to the Alms-house, Sir, go break stones on the road, go hang, if you will; but never think of marrying my daughter, Sir. Never!"

Utterly confused, and but half comprehending what had occurred, poor Harry wandered off through the grounds, and, perhaps, by accident, took the path to the shore. A walk on the sands served to clear his troubled brain somewhat, and he bethought him to seek consolation and counsel from his old friend, Uncle George.

George Boynton—familiarly known as Uncle George—was a retired pilot; at this time enjoying a well-earned competence, in a snug little cottage at the foot of Cedar Hill. He had taken a great fancy to the handsome boy on the hill, and in long summer cruises, over the bay or around the island, they had become fast friends; the artless old sailor finding a companion after his own heart in the frank, genial young yachtsman. Alice Stirling was also a favorite with Uncle George, and he was deep in the confidence of the youthful lovers. With every disposition to sympathize with Harry's troubles, he was, perhaps, still further moved against Mr. Stirling, because that gentleman had lately made urgent and threatening demands for certain payments on property, which the old pilot had not expected and was not prepared to meet. When he heard his young friend's grievous story his indignation and anger exceeded and even stimulated Harry's own.

After pacing his little parlor a while in wrathful silence—his ruddy face growing redder and his whitened beard wagging portentously—he broke out in exclamations smacking strongly of the sea; his old habits of speech coming back as his blood stirred with passions mostly known to him in his sailor life.

"Why, dash it, man, what does the old lubber mean? Ain't you going to be an equal pardner in the Stirling and Field concern, or fust-mate aboard, any how? And suppose the old craft does part from her moorings and drift ont' the rocks—as they say she will—your father had a snug thing stowed away for you out of the ship, as I knows on—and old Jim Stirling knows it too."

"I always thought so, Uncle George; but he says it is all gone, every penny, and he ought to know; he had whatever there was in his own hands."

"The dash he did! and that's what he bellowed out about beggar and pauper for, eh? Goes and robs you fust and then cusses you about it afterward. Tell you what, Harry, you never go inside that man's doors again. Just come live 'long with me; I got enough for both of us, and when my cruise is up you shall have the whole on't. I owe him some money, too; but I'll never give him a dash cent. I'll pay it to you, Harry; dash me if I don't!"

Harry had much trouble to decline these rather too liberal propositions. The old man was disposed to feel hurt at the youngster's pride, but after all, was well pleased by the spirit with which he announced his determination to make his own way in the world.

"He told me to break stones on the road," said Harry. "I couldn't do much at that, but I could do some things, I know—at least I'm going to try. I can't come and live with you, Uncle George, but I'd like to stay here until I find some occupation; for I promise you I'll never sleep under his roof again or ask him for the value of a farthing. If he is wrongfully withholding my property, he can keep it: I'll never ask him to account for it."

"That's right, my boy! That's right! Cut loose! Take your own helm, and when you want help make signal to me; and if I can't bear a hand, by dash I won't come aboard and rob you nohow."

The particular route by which Harry should pursue the fortune which Uncle George was sure would reward his exertions was the subject of much discussion, confined, on the part of the old pilot, to commendations of his own profession. As he had previously prejudiced the young man's mind in favor of this calling, 'twas the more easily decided that a pilot-boat should be the argo to bear him in search of the golden fleece.

Harry was anxious to see Alice, to tell her all that had happened, to inform her of all his plans for the future, to make vows of eternal fidelity; in a word, to enjoy the sweet sorrow of a farewell scene. What was his dismay when Uncle George objected, in strongest terms, to any such proceeding.

"Too late to-night," argued age and experience, "and in the morning we must be off to town by the first boat. Besides that, the less Alice knows about your plans the less her father'll know, and the less he knows the better. No; the best way is, belay sentiment if you mean to go to work. All this light canvas and these pretty colors is well enough while you're tackin' about the bay here 'long with her; but now you're going on a cruise alone outside, you better take in all your gimcracks and stow 'em away in the cabin lockers. Just write her a nice little letter, and leave it 'long with me. Tell her you don't mean to give her up—you'll stand by long as you can keep afloat, and all that sort o' thing; and what else she need to know I'll tell her myself. Now turn in, for you'll hear me rapping on that door bright and early."

On the morrow the two were in New York betimes, and Harry was registered at the Commissioner's office as Henry Herbert. Herbert was his mother's maiden name, and he thought better to use it, in order to baffle any inquiries that might be made. By his new name he was introduced, with blunt ceremony, to all the pilots in the office, and right well pleased was he with the men who were to be his associates thenceforth.

The writer of this is tempted to pause here and render what tribute he may to the gallant men whose courage and skill are great creditors of our whole commerce. But they are like the good wine—to praise them we need but to name them.

Without troubling himself as to his authority, Uncle George acted as guardian, and Harry was duly apprenticed for four years to the pilot-boat *James Avery*, No. 9. The remainder of the day was devoted to the purchase of outfit, which Uncle George, in his new capacity of guardian, insisted on providing.

Next morning at sunrise the *Avery* got under way, and when she hove to at the Quarantine, to set Uncle George ashore, Harry realized that he was fairly afloat on his first cruise, "alone, outside." As the schooner stretched down the Swash Channel, he got out his fine ship's-glass—Uncle George's parting gift—to take a farewell look at Cedar Hill. One familiar scene after another swept across the field, until his eye rested on a little arbor he had erected that summer—a favorite resort of his—the trysting place, indeed, where he and Alice had told each other something they both knew long before.

Was it possible she was there even at the moment? That was surely her pretty blue dress, but he could not see the lovely little head, shining in a glory of sunny curls. No! Poor dear Alice, her face is hidden on her arms. Oh, how cruel to leave her without a single word!

He was startled by a thought of the consternation and trouble his sudden disappearance from home must occasion. Something seemed to stifle him like a strong grasp on his throat; and he dropped the glass with a wild impulse to jump overboard and swim back to the weeping girl, while yet he might.

A sharp command from the senior pilot on board recalled him to a sense of present duty, and constant activity thereafter left but little time for further regrets.

Harry Herbert found his new life much to his liking. At first he greatly missed the pleasures and refinements of home; but in the excitements and adventures incident to his career he found a charm more than compensating for all that he had lost. Not all;—one sweet face ever looked up to his from the sea, and down to him from the sky. One dear companionship he still longed for unceasingly. His frequent letters to Alice were voluminous and ardent, and very precious to him were her loving little replies—these priceless missives being forwarded through the hands of Uncle George.

Two years glided quickly and not unhappily away. Harry sent to Alice his miniature. Expanded to the full proportions of manhood, his fine face deeply browned and "bearded like a pard," he resembled but slightly the rosy-cheeked boy of old times. He received her dear likeness in return. She had not changed, except that the promises of maidenly beauty were being fulfilled in the full glow of lovely womanhood.

The occasion for this exchange of pictures was Harry's departure on a long voyage, all young pilots being required to take at least one cruise in a ship, for the purpose of becoming familiar with the management of square-rigged vessels. Uncle George thought it advisable that Harry should improve this opportunity to see something of the world; and accordingly arranged with his old friend Captain Steele, of the good ship *Wellaway*, to take the boy on a little excursion around the globe. The ship sailed from Boston for Calcutta, *via* Cape of Good Hope; thence to Hong Kong, and home around the Horn—the voyage occupying about twenty months.

Under the friendly mastership of Captain Steele Harry not only acquired a thorough knowledge of seamanship, but finding in him a competent and willing mentor, re-entered the course of study which had been interrupted by his sudden flight from home.

He wrote often, as opportunity occurred, to Alice and Uncle George, but received no letters from them until his arrival at Valparaiso, on the return trip. The latest of these had been awaiting him many months, and contained disheartening news of Uncle George. The old man mentioned that he had suffered from the attacks of his old enemy, rheumatism, but said his good health had returned with warm weather, and at time of writing he was hearty as ever. Alice considered the matter more seriously, and seemed to think their old friend would hardly survive another winter of illness. At Rio Janeiro the voyager's anxiety was increased by later word from his guardian; and, in his impatience to be at home again, the quick-keeled *Wellaway* seemed to drag but wearily on.

Calms and baffling winds long detained the *Wellaway* in the tropics, but at last they sighted the capes of Virginia; and on the same bright morning a New York pilot bore down from the offing. At Harry's request the ship's name was run up to the main-truck. On making it out, the pilots ran alongside, hailing "Harry Herbert, ahoy!" Harry sprang into the rigging to answer, and his old comrades shouted a welcome home in three hearty cheers. The boys invited him on board the boat, proposing to put about and take him into New York. Though sorry to leave Captain Steele so suddenly, he was too anxious to be at home not to accept the generous offer. In half an hour his baggage was transferred, and the schooner bore away for Sandy Hook, while the *Wellaway* held on her course to Cape Cod.

Hardly had Harry returned the greetings of his friends when he noticed an appearance of restraint and commiseration among them. Fearing the worst, he hardly dared to resolve his fears by inquiring, but looked from one to another in dread of—he knew not what. The elders were evidently in consultation; and at length the senior took him aside, and, with more emotion than sailors often exhibit, told him that Uncle George had closed his log, and handed in his accounts to the owner.

As the old man had no relatives nor friends except in his profession, the Pilots' Association had laid his body to rest in Greenwood, and had taken charge of his affairs. The property, which was considerable, was devised entirely to Harry, with the exception of a small legacy to the Association.

In a farewell letter, dictated during his last illness, George Boynton informed his protégé of the bequest he had made, and added, "Although this will afford you an income more than sufficient for modest wants, yet it is my advice and last request that you shall serve out your apprenticeship, and secure to yourself an honorable profession, which will always be a better anchor, in case of storm, than ten times the fortune I can leave to you."

Harry was quite content to comply with this desire, and returned to his old post in the *Avery*, only allowing himself such vacation as proper attention to his new interests demanded.

One trouble grieved and perplexed the young heir greatly. His last letters to Alice he found among the papers of the deceased, together with several notes from her to the old pilot. These he felt at liberty to open. The first contained her address in the South, where it appeared she had spent the winter with her father. The others were earnest petitions to "dear Uncle George" to tell her frankly and truly why she received no letters. "Pray do not keep me longer in suspense," she said. "Day after day, month after month, I have waited and feared, until now 'twould be a relief to know the truth, however hard or sad it may be."

Poor girl! she could not know that "dear Uncle George's" eyes were closed forever—that his hand might never write to her again!

The last of these notes—written quite lately, and bearing a different post-mark from the others—contained only these words: "Please give the inclosed to Henry Field, if he is living; burn it, if he is dead."

Her letter to Harry was as the last cry of a breaking heart. After a long year of watching and suffering she had renounced all earthly hope of him, being convinced that he had died or proved untrue to her. She prayed and believed that what she was writing might never be read by mortal eyes. But if some fairer, dearer girl had won his love from her, she yet wished him to know she could only be faithful to him until the end.

Hardly waiting to finish the reading, Harry hastened to Mr. Stirling's office, and in response to his eager inquiries, was informed that that gentleman had sailed for Bordeaux, in the *Vanderlyn*. The office register showed the *Vanderlyn* had been gone two weeks.

"Can you tell me," he asked the polite clerk, "if Alice—that is—did Mr. Stirling's family accompany him?"

"Yes, Sir. His daughter's health is declining. You knew Miss Alice, Sir? She has been very ill. Friend of the family? Sorry to tell you sad news, Sir; strange you hadn't heard. Ah! been absent. Miss Stirling has seemed to decline very fast lately. Physicians recommend the south of France. How long did you say, Sir? Several years, probably; though I believe she wishes to return with the ship, if not immediately benefited."

Harry was in despair. His first impulse was to set out for France by the next vessel; but afterthought convinced him 'twould be wiser to await the return of the *Vanderlyn*. He immediately wrote to Mr. Stirling, in care of his banker at Bordeaux; and after making arrangements to leave home at a moment's notice, if necessary, he entered upon the exercise of his profession and his patience.

After the "panic" of '36 subsided, James Stirling gathered the remnants of his fortune, and re-established his old business. Still under the name of Stirling & Field, the house was now once more the leading one in the trade. During his two years' travel our young pilot had seen their familiar burgee flying in half the ports of the world.

This bunting had ever been an object of great interest to him; but now, as the *Vanderlyn* became due, he watched for it with painful mingling of hope and fear. Each day brought only renewed disappointment; and so the time wore heavily on until the term of his apprenticeship expired. He passed examination with all the honors, and was admitted to the fraternity of licensed pilots.

Being a prime favorite with all the craft, he easily managed to be on station off Sandy Hook most of the time. Much to the surprise of ambitious youngsters, he neglected several opportunities to take vessels, always preferring to act as boat-keeper. Among the older men, however, his story was now generally known, and they were willing to humor his expressed desire that his first ship should be one of Stirling & Field's.

The autumn of the year 1840 was now opening, serene and fair. Day followed day without a cloud on the sky; but the wise ones discussed the signs, and foretold an equinoctial tempest, sudden and severe. Those who remember the terrible storm of that time will testify the truth of the prophecy.

On the 20th of September the *Avery* put to sea, on a cruise. One after another the men took vessels, until, on the morning of the fourth day out, Harry was left alone with the boys. There had been an unusual number of ships bound in, but the *Vanderlyn* was not among them. She was now nearly two weeks overdue, and many fears were entertained for her safety.

Harry's instructions from the senior were to run no risk of being caught in the expected storm, but be sure to anchor inside the Hook before midnight. The boys awaited orders to put about with evident impatience, but still he held the boat on her course, still kept his post in the main rigging, his glass constantly sweeping the offing.

The *Avery* was now about a hundred miles out, due east from the Light-ship; jogging along, under short sail, on the larboard tack, with a stiff breeze nearly abeam. At noon the young commander went below, and, having made a reckoning, was forced to conclude he could not stand on any longer. While sadly contemplating this new defeat of his hopes, he was startled by a hail from the sharp-eyed youngster left on the look-out,

"Sail on the weather bow!"

In an instant he was on deck. Far down on the horizon, invisible to any but sailors' eyes, a little speck. Without thought of doubting, he knew 'twas the *Vanderlyn*.

"Down helm—hard down! Forward there and make that jib! Haul sheet—fore and main! sheet home! Now keep her away! Steady! so—rap full and nothing off!"

Close hauled, all taut and belay, the good boat walked up to windward at the rate of six knots. In an hour the stranger was plainly made out to be a large ship, going free, under a cloud of canvas. As she drew near the pilot signal was shown in her quarter-rail—a wreath of smoke puffed out from the port-bow—and ere the report reached the *Avery*, the tri-color was run up to the fore, and a blue swallow-tail, with the letters S. & F. on a white ground, fluttered out from the main-truck.

Harry paced the schooner's narrow gangway pale with excitement. His youthful companions, unsophisticated, thought they wouldn't look so white if their first ship was a big 'un. Preparing to leave these hardy ones, he gave his last directions. "Run by on this tack; luff round, under her lee; and sheet off for home, best foot foremost."

In a moment more the young pilot was on the *Vanderlyn's* deck, where he was received by Captain Winslow with anxious scrutiny.

"Bad look-out in the no'th'ard, Pilot. Shall we have weather to go in?"

"What way are you making?"

"About eight knot."

"And in five hours the gale will be upon us. I should keep off the coast; not attempt to go in to-night."

A voice—strangely familiar—interrupted. "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't keep the ship out in another storm. Is there no possibility of making harbor?"

James Stirling! How changed he seemed; old, haggard, and care-worn. Captain Winslow introduced him as "our owner," and answered: "Mr. Herbert thinks the chances are against our weathering the Hook, Sir, if it comes on to blow from this quarter."

Hurriedly and anxiously Mr. Stirling spoke. "Pilot, my only daughter is on board, an invalid, and I know she could not survive another storm. Take the ship in, Pilot, and I'll give any thing, every thing you may ask. You don't know, young Sir, what it is to have a daughter dying before your eyes, or you wouldn't let my poor girl perish for want of a little resolution. You need not fear for the ship; I'll risk that. Take us into New York harbor to-night, and I'll *give* you the ship, Sir."

'Twas pitiful to see the strong man so broken. Harry's heart was in his throat as he turned away—to take a look at the weather, perhaps.

After consultation, 'twas decided to stand on a few hours, and if the gale became threatening, to run before it to the Delaware Breakwater. Mr. Stirling, with the unreasonableness of one too sorely tried, thought 'twould be the pilot's fault if the ship was not safe ere the storm came on. He could not perceive the imminence of danger, and demanded that more sail should be made, although the packet was even then staggering under too much canvas. Harry was finally obliged to send him below, saying, "I command the ship, if you please, Sir, and must be allowed to manage her as I see fit."

With a freshening breeze the *Vanderlyn* sped on during the succeeding hours, until even the captain—cautious old sailor though he was—felt sure they would go safely in. But ominous great clouds were gathering darkly in the northeast, and Harry, still fearful, ordered all hands on deck in readiness to shorten sail at a moment's notice. His wisdom was too soon evident. The wind suddenly died away, returning in great, sullen-sounding puffs, careening the good ship till her yard-arms touched the water; then passing on, leaving the sails flapping against the mast.

The least boy among the crew felt the oppression of the coming trial, and not one on deck but drew a longer breath when the pilot's clear, firm voice broke the terrible stillness; ringing out commands sharp and strong. In less time than a landsman could think the *Vanderlyn* was stripped and laid in stays, under double reefed top-sails.

Not a moment too soon. A confused, rushing sound, a hurried clinging by the men to the nearest fastenings, and, like a hungered lion springing on his prey, the tempest burst over them.

Down, down rolled the stricken craft, her lee-rail deep buried in the flat, seething sea, and her strained weather rigging shrieking and howling in the blast, adding piercing discords to this dread chorus of the elements. As with a mighty hand she was forced still further and further down, until a cry of human anguish went up from the despairing souls on board.

Holding fast to belaying-pins and the rigging, the pilot crawled forward to the mainmast. After waiting long as he dared his axe was raised to cut away when he felt the ship rising on the first buoyant wave. Slowly she struggled up, slowly up, then righted with a suddenness that snapped the light spars from her tops like hemlock crackling in the fire.

'Twas but little past sunset time, but the blackness of midnight was already upon the ocean. Nothing could be distinguished at arm's-length, but the useless helm told that every stitch of canvas must be torn away. The *Vanderlyn* drifted before the storm helpless as a log.

At last the rain came. Malignant lightnings lent their sulphurous glare and terrific thunders to the appalling scene. 'Twas a change for the better, however. The descending sheets of water abated somewhat the fury of the wind, and the vivid flashes served to show the condition of the ship.

With infinite difficulty storm stay-sails were got out, and as they gave command to the helm 'twas once more a question what course to take. They had now drifted so far that an attempt to reach the Breakwater would probably end, in few hours, on Squan Beach; so 'twas decided to try and weather Sandy Hook. New fore and main top-sails were bent and set with three reefs, and as they held, the good packet looked up encouragingly. But the tremendous force of the gale obliged them to make it nearly abeam, and the pilot knew they must be going to leeward fearfully fast. As he stood at the helm with Captain Winslow he was startled by the cry, "Light on the larb'r'd bow!"

He half-hoped it might be the Light-ship; but as he clambered forward, the Revolver threw out its long white ray, and his heart sank. He recognized the Highlands. Soon the Hook lights were made out, ahead; and as he watched them slowly changing place, the fearful truth forced itself upon him. The ship was drifting ashore. By no possibility could she make offing enough to clear that treacherous stretch of sand, lengthening out, as if purposely to bar the way.

One wild hope came to his thought, and though he put it aside as the desperate fancy of a mind unwilling to look reality in the face, yet it would return to him again and again. At last, as if by instinct—certainly not at the dictation of reason—he ordered one watch to clear away the port-anchor, while the other stood by to man sheets and braces. Still acting under impulse, which would be obeyed, even though seeming utterly and fatally wrong, he put the helm up until the ship fell off two or three points, repeating to himself the while, "We might as well strike there as any where."

With a free wind the *Vanderlyn* dashed on at lightning speed, standing directly for the Highland lights. Changing the course created excitement and discontent among the crew. It looked like giving up hope, and hastening to meet the threatening destruction. The men growled to the mates; the mates spoke their minds to the captain. The pilot, peering out into the darkness to leeward, heeded them not, until Captain Winslow approached, saying,

"If you're going to try your ground tackle, the sooner the better, I should say."

"Here? The anchors wouldn't hold a moment in this soft sand. No, Captain, there is but one possible chance of escape; and if that fails, we can only go on to the beach at a point where we shall be sure of assistance, and where the ship will not go to pieces the moment she strikes."

While speaking his eyes turned continually with anxious, strained glances over the larboard bow. What there? A faint line of phosphorescent light, rapidly lengthening and seeming to come nearer. Then a low murmur, strangely audible above the howling of the storm. Louder it grew and louder, until the hollow, hungry roar of the breakers sent a thrill through his heart.

In a moment more the *Vanderlyn* pitched forward on the first ground-swell. The mate, in mortal terror, exclaimed, "We are lost! every man for himself!"

"To your duty, men, for your lives!" thundered the pilot, and the command had that quality which even then could secure obedience. Springing to the wheel, the spokes went flying through his hands. "Let go weatherbraces, fore'n' aft! let go!"

Still up went the helm, though the Captain wondered, thinking 'twould be far better to strike head on.

Fore-s'l haul! main top-s'l!" and almost in the edge of the surf they filled away on the larboard tack. What earthly use? They couldn't make a cable's length before she'd ground. No. Hardly had they gathered headway when down went the helm once more, and once more the ship came before the wind.

And now the pilot's commands had a ring like a shout of joy. And well they might; his inspired hope was realized.

The sea had broken over the beach and the old Shrewsbury inlet was open.

The *Vanderlyn* drove through, hardly grazing her keel, and in five minutes lay safe at anchor inside the Hook.

Glad huzzas from the crew brought Mr. Stirling to the deck—clinging to his arm, a white, spirit-like figure. As they approached the helm Captain Winslow was heartily shaking hands with the pilot. The old merchant did not at first understand what had occurred. When the Captain had explained to him the state of affairs, he too would congratulate and thank the hero of the hour. But the hero had suddenly disappeared, and with him the ethereal figure in white. After some search his attention was attracted by the flutter of light garments, and drawing near, he heard his daughter saying, "I knew 'twas you, Harry; I recognized your dear voice hours ago."

Not caring to interrupt the conversation at this point, the old gentleman returned to Captain Winslow with much wise nodding of the head, and "So so! Indeed! Is it possible!"

Reasonably soon he was joined by Harry and Alice, and that importunate young man immediately reminded him of a promise to grant any thing he, Harry, might ask; "and so, Sir, I renew the request I made four years ago."

Which request was not denied on this occasion.

Alice's restoration to health was wonderfully rapid; but the marriage could not take place until late in the spring of '41. On the wedding-day James Stirling made a statement of account to his son-in-law; showing that he had used his authority as guardian to make Henry H. Field an equal partner in the firm of Stirling & Field, when that business had been re-established.

The bridal tour began with a voyage to France, in the *Vanderlyn*; and Harry's last professional act was to pilot her out of the harbor.

## THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

My mother was a poet and a painter. Not noted as such, but as really these as any man or woman that ever lived. Of an intensely sensitive nature, which gave out tones as harps do; an imagination, which made pictures in her thought as the eye does on its own retina; pure, sweet, tensive, she infused the essence of poetry into daily thoughts, and acted the painter with neither brush nor easel.

She gave me her sensitiveness of nature without its poetic genius and charm. The pain without the bliss. In my young heart there was tension, from which a brush of the hand would awaken sound—music, perhaps; but wild, inharmonious, fitful music. I could suffer; but the thrill of joy came rarely.

When I was quite a child I jostled against rough natures in the child's world, and shrank more and more from the pain of contact—as the Brazilian mimosa shrinks from the hand that touches. I was not comely, and I think I was not winning. At any rate my child friends gave me to myself; making me, if not happier, at least more at peace and content.

At ten or eleven years of age some fault of articulation crept upon my speech. Whether it was structural derangement, or came of accident fastened by embarrassment and strengthened by habit, I never knew; but it grew upon me until it was most noticeable. Another source of pain. If I shrank from contact before, I threw out double defenses now. I built hedges of thorns about me, and neither old nor young ventured through.

One day at school, at recess—it was one of those October days which hang clouds in the sky like pictures, in which Nature holds her breath till not a leaf is able to stir, and the whole day seems waiting for the smile or God to deepen to the sereneness and gravity of night—at recess I was peculiarly free and happy. A little of my younger self came on me; for the day seemed all too deep in peace and beauty for any thing like pain. I was playing briskly on the green grass which the heat of summer had failed to scorch and the frosts of autumn had not yet reached, when a gleeful, unthought-of expression, bursting from my lips, was caught by Willie Day—my friend, if I had any—and repeated in the same stammering way. I looked at him once, was conscious of a sharp pain through my whole being, as though blades had pierced me in every living fibre, and then laid my face in the grass. I never went to school again. Willie hung upon me, wept, and begged forgiveness; I said "Yes" in a stony way, looked at him with a stolid gaze of half-consciousness, was passive, still, no tears, no reproaches; but I never played with boys and girls on the grass again. I never spoke again in the presence of any but my mother and my bird—not in those years.

In giving this picture of unrest and the quiverings of an over-sensitive nature, I must not produce a wrong impression. I was not wholly unhappy. My mother warned and soothed me with her soft tones and sweet thoughts. My bird—"my sweet singer in Israel," my pet, my lover, my child, my little darling!—arched his neck and turned his bright beady eyes upon me always so proudly. It was all the same to Pet whether his child-mistress stammered or no. He loved me and thought me a queen. Ah! it must be pleasant to be worshiped.

Had my mother been more like others I should have loved her less; should have been less happy at home, but more at ease abroad. She taught me the sweetnesses of life, picked the thorns from all beautiful flowers, and gave me to feel the rude contrast of less delicate natures. The unused palm is of velvet and blisters. The chafed hand hardens. My mother and my bird, with troops of kittens as long as the perverse things would stay little—these heard me talk. To all other creatures, human or otherwise, I was dumb, unless the flies upon the window, the bees in flower-mansions, and the birds in tree-tops took notice of my chattering. We must have speech somewhere. Words are the wings of thought. Clip them and thought can not fly.

Mother and I were alone, but for these superanimate, untalkative things. Father had died before. He was a rough, strong man, such as win these angel women; and in battle, when his regiment stormed a stronghold of almost invincible texture, laid him down to die as only a soldier can. My mother worshiped his memory.

"He was so brave, and rugged, and great!" she would often say, with a glance of light after a day-dream.

"This is your father," mother whispered one Sabbath morning, bringing me a sketch-book, one that I did not remember having seen.

"It is so like!"

I knew at once, by its delicate tone, that the drawing was my mother's. A light penciling of a hand—a man's hand, with its native strength, but light in its manliness and beautiful as a woman's.

We had a pleasant little room apart from our daily use, which was to us, in some sense, what a parlor is to more social families. We called it "The Flower Room." Carpeted with a pattern of lilacs in broad green leaves, with a ground-work of steel; the walls hung with paper on which were vines with clusters of purple grapes intertwined with columbine and wild-rose creepers, clinging and nestling together; chairs and lounges in patterns of snow-drops and dew-bells; ornaments of Parian marble cut into roses; the windows sentineled by troops of living plants in porcelain jars—and the room almost filled with tables loaded with like fresh and fragrant creations. It was quite a Paradise of beauty.

My mother sketched much, but I never saw more of my father than the hand; excepting, years after, a single curl, black and heavy, shading a temple. The face seemed hidden by mist.

"I shudder at thought of sketching his face!" she said, one day; "it is impossible to seize the expression, and I should die to see any thing less."

Into this home of poetry and beauty, within which I was folded and shielded as petals are folded within flower-cups, came a great sadness. Mother sickened. I thought she would die; but, like the arctic sun, she sank so far, and then crept along the horizon of life. She was thus a year, and I cared for her. She did not seem to suffer, nor did she look ghastly with illness; but much of her strength was gone. Lying upon the pillows she talked and planned and smiled and wept, and tried to sketch—but could not do that—seeming just like herself. I was a child of fourteen—an unfit nurse, it appears to me; but mother praised me.

When the year was over we thought to call in Dr. Grey, a young physician, whose name was being known. I went for him, handed him a note, and he came. Dr. Grey thought me dumb. I pronounced him sufficiently ugly in feature to be a marvel of talent and skill, as indeed he was. Mother grew better; very slowly, indeed, but undoubtedly. In the mean time his profession and his frequent coming gave him a friend's place with us. I never had felt the power of sympathy and heart in a man of mental strength before. He drew me, in spite of myself, and I talked.

A year fled; and in that year I had learned to love and reverence Dr. Grey. Even my exquisite sensitiveness had received no wound, though the man was as strong as a perfect type of men. But his power was that conscious power which is most provocative of tenderness, against which gentleness is outlined like snow upon a raven's wing. He partially cured me of my fault of speech—partly by kindness, and partly by a strong guiding word at the right time.

He was one of the merriest of men. Somebody has written that power lies in gravity. Perhaps so, when merriment gets the better of self; but while the man holds his poise, merriment is only the bead which suggests the wine, I take it.

And now came a new element of disturbance; whether painful or not I can scarcely say. Dr. Grey loved my mother. At least it seemed so, when the thought had once entered my mind. And my mother—yes, I remembered when he first entered the room, and her eye had fallen on his hand—so like the hand of the sketch! And now recollection flooded me with pictures of little tokens which, in the light of the new thought, made assurance doubly sure.

I told my mother this, and she wept—softly, pleasantly, saying never a word. Was this what had given tint to the cheek and strength to the failing limbs?

I was happy now. The circuit was formed—Dr. Grey, my mother, my birdie, and myself—through us all was daily passing the electric thrill of life.

A few months and my sweet mother folded her hands to unclasp them no more for me till we welcome one another in the new life. Dr. Grey was with me when, in blinding tears, I said the good-by which she could not answer. The rugged furrows of his face were wet, and his eyelashes glistened with dew-drops of tears. God help us when strong men weep!

I was cared for. Never in the years that followed—two, three, four, five—was I beyond the influence of his companionship and care. He always called me "child."

One June morning—we were under the apple-blossoms, the air laden with the perfume of budding cherry and peach and quince bearing trees—he said,

"Do you know how much you have changed since I knew you first—a little dumb girl?"

"I suppose I have changed. But have I very much?"

"Yes, child. You were a plain and sombre little girl then. Now you are—may I say it?"

"No, please, Dr. Grey."

"Do you love me, child?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Why, always, Dr. Grey."

"You do not understand me. Will you be—my wife?"

Then came the sharp, quivering pains of that last school-day; and I looked at him with the same stolid glance, only saying,

"You are my father, Dr. Grey."

"How?"

"You loved my mother."

"For your sake, yes—drawn by the promise I saw in you, for which I have waited years, to find it a thousand times fulfilled. Will you have my love, child, my first and only?"

I was almost paralyzed. My finger-tips grew cold, and a something choked me. I asked to be alone; and he left me till the morrow.

Once alone I retraced the evidence upon which I had based the theory of my mother and Dr. Grey. One by one the columns melted, as though they had been ice and my thoughts warm breezes circling through the corridors. At length the whole vast temple tumbled with a crash. I had mistaken. I knew it—felt it in my soul.

This thought and settled, a living, thrilling flood swept through me. The hour seemed an hour of resurrection, and the past as an old mortal life put off. And this was love—the snow of my reverence and regard loosed from its arctic height, falling in feathery clouds, and melting as it fell.

This was what I had been doing, then, all these years—loving under frost. This was why no other eyes or tones had touched me. This was why he came to be the standard by which I judged such men as gave me homage; and this was why the homage fell upon me as dust upon white marble.

If a tiny doubt lingered in my thoughts it was all gone when he told on the morrow that he knew from the very first that my mother was dying, and that she, too, knew it quite as well. He had proffered his guardianship for her lone, sensitive child; and this had given the light.

He has called me "child" always. I am not dumb any more.

## RICH MAN HAVE A CARE.

Look out for your pocket-book, you rich man there,
  Here's a beggar-boy coming this way;
He'll ask for a penny, and you've none to spare,
  Though you've made your cool thousands to-day.
His coat it is shabby, and ragged, and thin,
  While yours came from the tailor's last night;
He's a thief and a jail-bird, corrupted with sin,
  And his bare touch is poison—the fright!

Hurry home to your fireside, you rich man there;
  Run away from this barefooted boy:
You've children at home, who are haughty and fair,
  And the clank of your gold is their joy.
This boy has no home—but that's nothing to you—
  If he's starving, the fault is his own;
He will sleep on the sidewalk to-night, 'tis true,
  But he merits a pillow of stone.

He has passed: you are safe now, you rich man there;
  He is lost in the unfeeling crowd;
That wan, pleading face, those sad eyes raised in prayer,
  And that wasted form, trembling and bowed.
What is it to you if he dies here to-night?
  You've enough that demand all your aid:
You smile—you are glad he is gone out of sight—
  The young vagrant!—he made you afraid.

What is it to you, pray? Ah! rich man beware!
  'Twas the same God gave him life and you;
He should have but half of life's burden to bear,
  And but half of life's labor to do.
What is it to you, pray? Rich man, have a care!
  By-and-by—well, you know it is true:
The great God will heed the poor beggar-boy's prayer
  When He'll have no more mercy for you!

## FORT SMITH AND LITTLE ROCK ARSENAL, ARKANSAS.

We publish on page 148, from sketches by a Government draughtsman, a view of Little Rock Arsenal and Fort Smith, both in the State of Arkansas. The Battery shown in the picture of the former is the famous Bragg Battery which did such good service at the Battle of Buena Vista, and to which the famous "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," referred.

The account of the seizure of this Arsenal is given in the Arkansas State *Gazette* of 16th February. It is in substance as follows:

"The correspondence for the surrender of the Arsenal was opened by Governor Rector, who informed Captain Totten that he had received reliable information that a large force of citizens were then on the march to Little Rock, with the avowed purpose of taking possession of the United States Arsenal there. The Governor declares it to be his duty, under the circumstances, although the movement was not authorized by him, to prevent a collision between the people of the State and the Federal troops, and therefore demanded the delivery of the Arsenal in the name of the State of Arkansas, to be held subject to the action of the Convention, to be held on the 4th day of March next. This is the only way which can possibly prevent the effusion of blood and the destruction of property of the citizens and the government.

"Captain Totten, in reply to this demand, confesses that he feels himself in trying circumstances, but before agreeing to the surrender of the Arsenal at Little Rock he requests to know from the Governor—

"1. Will the Governor of the State of Arkansas officially take charge of said Arsenal and munitions of war in the name of the United States government, and hold them in that light until future circumstances shall legally absolve him from the responsibility?

"2. Will the Governor of the State of Arkansas officially guarantee to said force an unmolested passage through the State in any direction the officer commanding said troops may select; and guarantee, moreover, to said force the right of carrying with them all the public and private property they brought with them to said Arsenal, all which has been purchased for them, and all which has been sent to them since stationed at said Arsenal, consisting of ordnance and ordnance stores, clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and barrack and mess furniture, as also provisions and all their individual and private property?

"3. Will the Governor of Arkansas, in his official capacity, guarantee to the United States forces now in charge thereof the right of marching away from said place, with all the honor due them as Federal officers and soldiers, who do not surrender their trust, but simply evacuate a post for want of instructions from their superiors in office, and in doubt as to the propriety of bringing on civil war among their fellow-countrymen?

"To these interrogatories Governor Rector answered as follows: After mature reflection, I propose to accept your first, second, and third propositions, with the following understanding: That, being informed your command brought no cannon, so none are to be taken away. You shall have a safe passage out of the State in any direction you may please, with your command, provided, however, you do not station yourself within the limits of the State of Arkansas or on the borders thereof.

"A memorandum was subsequently drawn up in which the Captain agreed to surrender the Arsenal, a part of which reads thus: And the said Captain Totten protests that he has thus acted because in the presence of a greatly superior armed force, and which he became satisfied would soon become overwhelming by reinforcements in case of resistance, involving the sacrifice of his command, without regard to the probable loss of life on the part of the assailants; because any defense of the Arsenal in the City of Little Rock, whether successful or unsuccessful, would necessarily involve to a greater or less extent the destruction of property in the city, and the loss of lives of the peaceful citizens and families dwelling therein; because, being without instructions from his Government, he took the responsibility of doing what he thought proper and best under all the circumstances, desiring to avoid cause of civil war in this Government, by the first instance of a hostile and bloody collision, yet protesting for himself and in the name of his Government against events beyond his control, which have actuated him to this course."

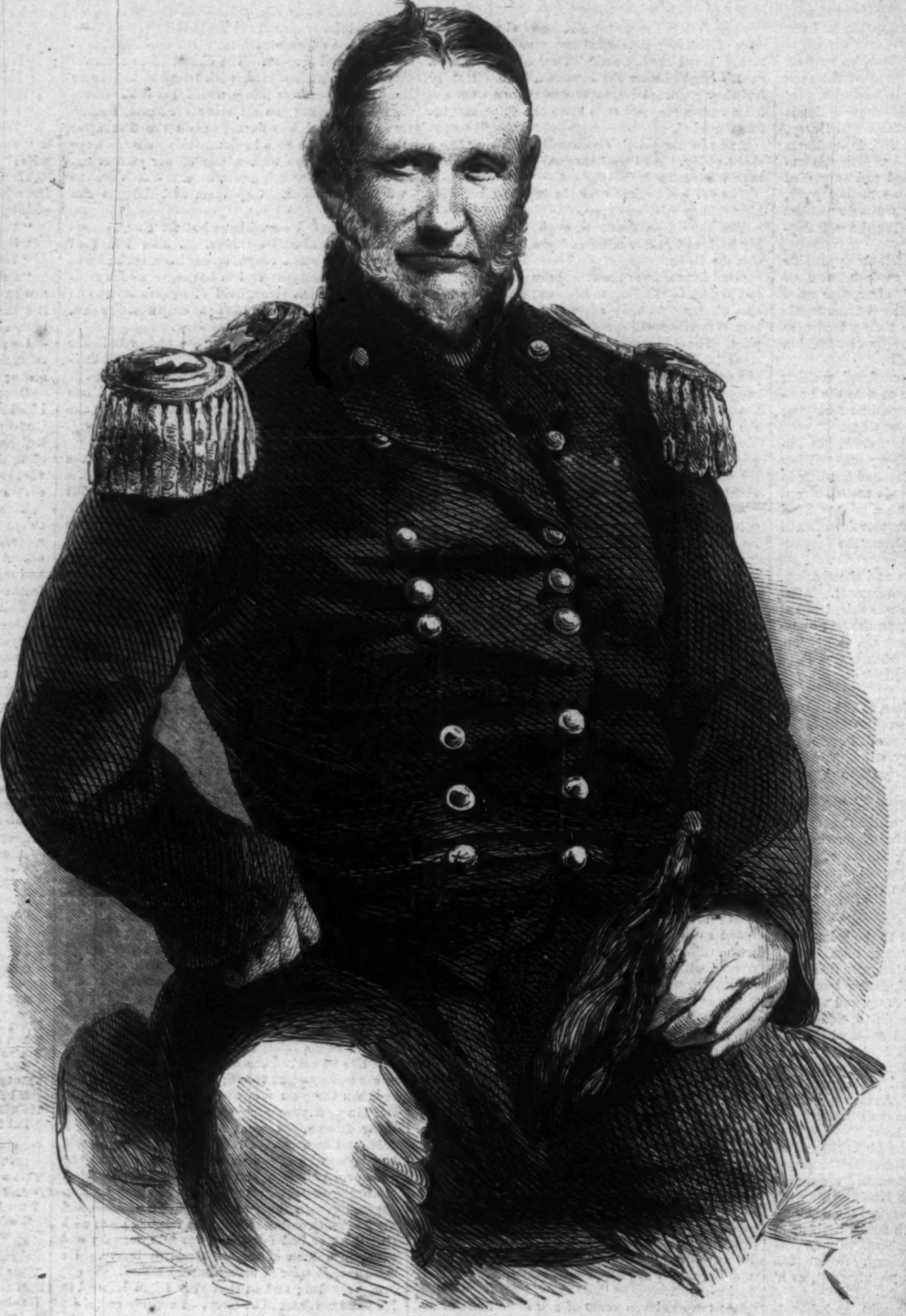
The city and garrison of Fort Smith, Arkansas, are situated on the Arkansas River, at the junction of the Poteau River, and immediately on the boundary of the Indian nations, the line running through the garrison. The city is the greatest business place in Arkansas, doing a large trade with the Indians and New Mexicans. It is next to Little Rock in size, if not its equal. The garrison is one of the largest and probably the best built on the frontier. Captain Sturgis, of the cavalry, commands the post; Captain Montgomery is Quarter-Master; Captain M'Intosh, Lieutenant Stanley, and Lieutenant Lomax are of the garrison. Vague telegraphic reports, which, however, are not generally credited, state that it has been seized.

## PRESIDENT J. DAVIS'S INAUGURATION AT MONTGOMERY.

On page 157 we publish a picture of the Inauguration of President Davis, of the Southern Confederacy, at Montgomery, Alabama, on February 18, from a photograph obligingly placed at our disposal. We published part of the inaugural in our last number. A lady who witnessed the scene thus writes to a friend in this city:

"The President is a pleasant-looking old gentleman, of about fifty years of age; he was escorted to the Capitol by the military, he being in an elegant carriage drawn by six white horses. After he took his seat on the platform in front of the Capitol, and a short prayer had been offered, he read a very neat little speech, not making many promises, but hoping, by God's help, to be able to fulfill all expectations. He took the oath amidst the deepest silence; and when he raised his hand and his eyes to heaven, and said, 'So help me God!' I think I never saw any scene so solemn and impressive. He puts me much in mind of General Jackson in appearance and character, though he is much more of a gentleman in his manners than the old General ever *wished* to be. He had a reception last night, which I attended. I walked about and exchanged greetings with my friends, but would not shake hands with the President, for I thought I would not be recognized to-day, and so would rather wait for a more private introduction. The Vice-President is a constant visitor at the house where I stay; he is very slight and delicate-looking, has more the appearance of a dead man than a living one, until he begins to speak, when you forget entirely how ugly he is."

President Davis, at latest accounts, is traveling through his dominions. He has been to Charleston.



GENERAL DAVID E. TWIGGS, LATE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

## THE SALLY-PORT AND FRONT VIEW OF FORT PICKENS.

We publish herewith, from a sketch kindly sent us by an officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's command at Fort Pickens, Florida, a view of the front of that work, on the Pensacola side. The gate or Sally-port, seen in the centre, is the only one in the fort. On the left is seen the crest or upper portion of the glacis, terminated by a gallery whose loopholes are seen over the knoll on the left of the walk.

## GENERAL TWIGGS.

We publish herewith a portrait of General Twiggs, who has lately left the army of the United States and joined that of Georgia, surrendering to the secessionists some $1,300,000 worth of property intrusted to his safe keeping by the United States Government.

General David E. Twiggs was born in Richmond County, Georgia, in 1790. His father, General John Twiggs, served in Georgia during the Revolutionary war. In 1812, when the war with England broke out, the son, then twenty-two years of age, volunteered, and was appointed a captain in the Eighth Infantry on the 8th of March, 1812. Promoted to the rank of Major, he accompanied Generals Gaines and Jackson in their expeditions against the Spaniards and Indians of Florida.

He took part in the Black Hawk war, and when South Carolina threatened to involve herself in difficulty with the National Government in 1832, he was placed in command of the arsenal at Augusta, Georgia, at the instigation of President Jackson. On the 8th of June, 1836, he received a commission as Colonel of the Second Regiment of Dragoons.

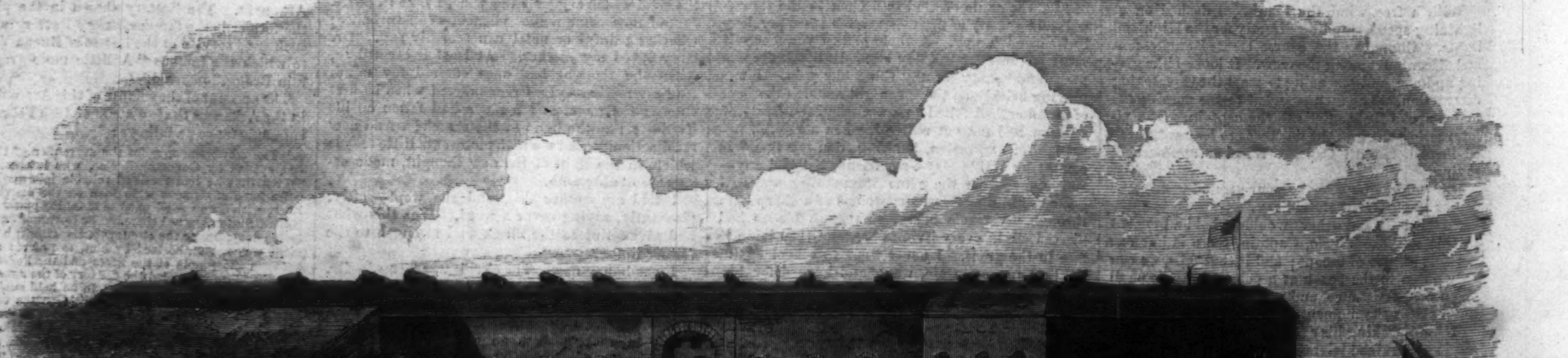
The Second Dragoons formed a portion of the "Army of Occupation" commanded by General Taylor, and when that officer moved upon the Rio Grande, Colonel Twiggs, in command of the advanced-guard, seized upon Point Isabel.

For gallant conduct at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, he received the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General; and at Monterey had command of a division of the army. He remained in charge of Monterey until ordered to join Scott at Vera Cruz, which he did in time to join in the attack upon that city. At Cerro Gordo General Scott gave him command of the main attack. He subsequently served at Contreras, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, and the final contest at the gates of the Aztec capital.

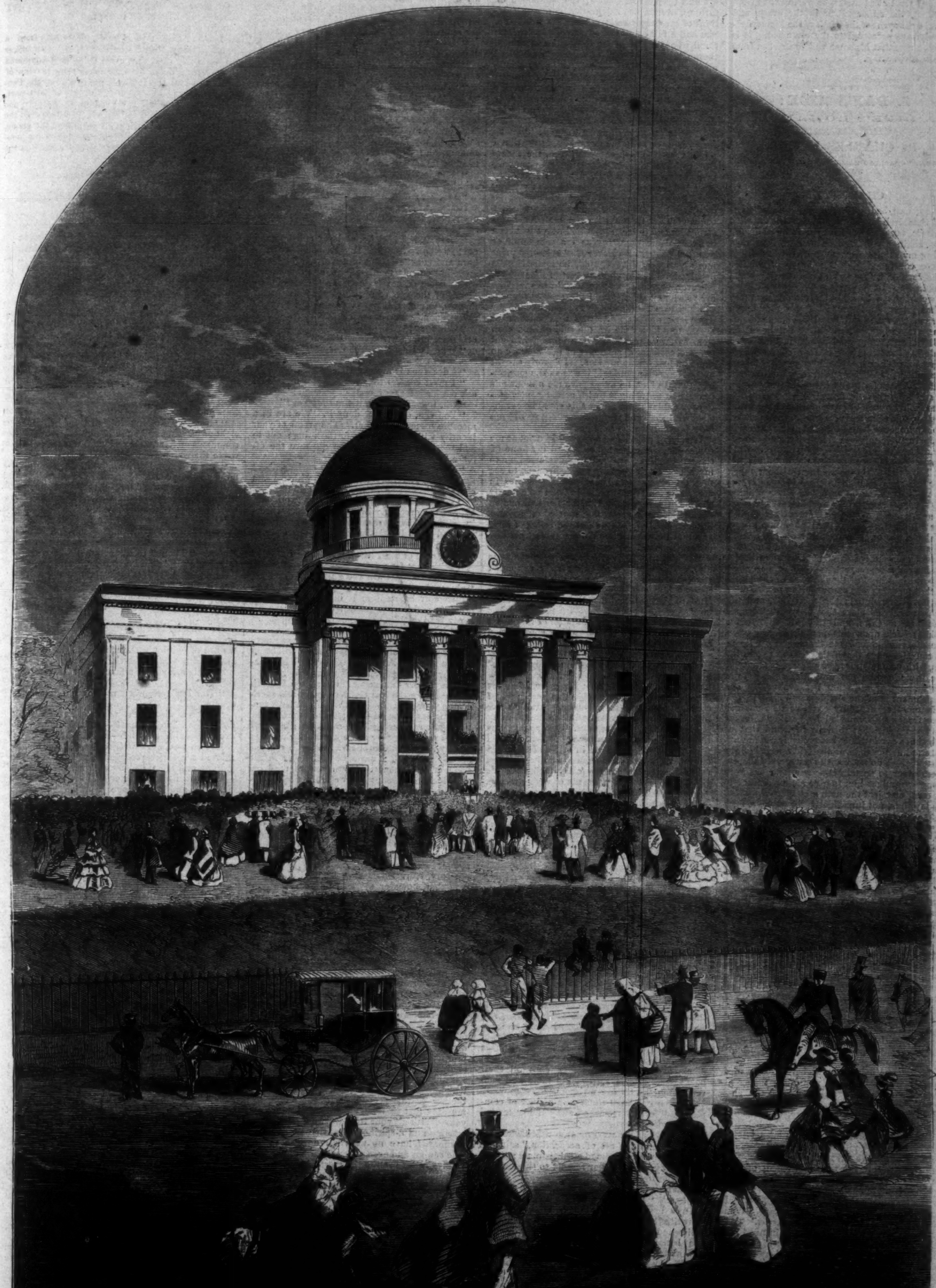
After the peace he assumed the command of "the Department of the West," with head-quarters at St. Louis, where he remained until 1857, when he was ordered to command the "Department of Texas," with head-quarters at San Antonio.

A couple of years since General Twiggs was arraigned by order of Secretary Floyd on a charge of having transcended his duty, and was tried by court-martial. He was, however, acquitted, and his sword was returned to him by the President.

At the time General Twiggs abandoned the



FRONT VIEW OF FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA, SHOWING THE SALLY-PORT AND GLACIS.—[Drawn by an Officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's Command.]



INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 18, 1861.

service of the United States, he was, next to General Scott, the senior officer in the army, and might, in the event of the death of the Lieutenant-General, have succeeded to the command. It is presumed now that his name will be stricken from the rolls of the army.

# A DAY'S RIDE:

## A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XL.

BENUMBED, bedraggled, and bewildered, I entered Feldkirch late at night, my wrists cut with the cords, my clothes torn by frequent falls, my limbs aching with bruises, and my wet rags chafing my skin. No wonder was it that I was at once consigned from the charge of a jailer to the care of a doctor, and ere the day broke I was in a raging fever.

I would not if I could preserve any memory of that grievous interval. Happily for me no clear traces remain on my mind—pangs of suffering are so mingled with little details of the locality, faces, words, ludicrous images of a wandering intellect, long hours of silent brooding, sound of church bells and such other tokens as cross the lives of busy men in the daily walk of life. All came and went within my brain, and still I lay there in fever.

In my first return of consciousness I perceived I was the sole occupant of a long arched gallery, with a number of beds arranged along each side of it. In their uniform simplicity, and the severe air of the few articles of furniture, my old experiences at once recalled the hospital; not that I arrived at this conclusion without much labor and a considerable mental effort. It was a short journey, to be sure, but I was walking with sprained ankles. It was, however, a great joy and a great triumph to me to accomplish even this much. It was the recognition to myself that I was once more on the road to health, and again to feel the sympathies that make a brotherhood of this life of ours; and so happy was I with the prospect, that when I went to sleep at night my last thought was of the pleasure that morning was sure to bring me. And I was not disappointed; the next day, and the next, and several more that followed, were all passed in a calm and tranquil enjoyment. Looking back upon this period, I have often been disposed to imagine that when we lie in the convalescence that follows some severe illness, with no demands upon our bodily strength, no call made upon our muscular energies, the very activity of digestion not evoked, as our nourishment is of the simplest and lightest, our brain must of necessity exercise its functions more freely, untrammeled by passing cares or the worries incident to daily life, and that at such times our intellect has probably a more uncontested action than at any other period of our existence. I do not want to pursue my theory, or endeavor to sustain it—my reader has here enough to induce him to give his experience to my own, or reject the notion altogether.

I lay thus, not impatiently, for above a fortnight. I regained strength very slowly; the least effort or exertion was sure to overcome me. But I wished for none; and as I lay there, gazing for whole days long at a great coat of arms over the end of the gallery, where a huge double-headed eagle seemed to me screaming in the agony of strangulation, but yet never to be choked outright, I reveled in many a strange rambling as to the fate of the land of which it was the emblem and the shield. Doubtless some remnant of my passionate assault on Austria lingered in my brain, and gave this turn to its operations.

My nurse was one of that sisterhood whose charities call down many a blessing on the Church that organizes their benevolence. She was what is called a "graue Schwester;" and of a truth she seemed the incarnation of grayness. It was not her dress alone, but her face and hands, her noiseless gait, her undemonstrative stare, her half-husky whisper, and her monotonous ways, had all a sort of pervading grayness that enveloped her, just as a cloud-mist wraps a landscape. There was besides a kind of fog-like indistinctness in her few and muttered words that seemed to form a fitting atmosphere for drowsy uniformity of the sick-room.

Her first care, on my recovery, was to supply me with a number of little religious books—lives of saints and martyrs, accounts of miracles, and narratives of holy pilgrimages—and I devoured them with all the zest of a devotee. They seemed to supply the very excitement of mind craved for, and the good soul little suspected how much more she was ministering to a love for the marvelous than to a spirit of piety. In the Flowers of St. Francis, for instance, I found an adventure seeker after my own heart. To be sure, his search was after sinners in need of a helping hand to rescue them; but as his contests with Satan were described as stand-up encounters, with very hard knocks on each side, they were just as exciting combats to read of as any I had ever perused in stories of chivalry.

Mistaking my zest for these readings for something far more praiseworthy, the gray sister enjoined me very seriously to turn from the evil advisers I had formerly consorted with and frequent the society of better-minded and wiser men. Out of these counsels, dark and dim at first, but gradually growing clearer, I learned that I was regarded as a member of some terrible secret society, banded together for the direst and blackest of objects; the subversion of thrones, overthrow of dynasties, and assassinations of sovereigns being all labors of love to us. She had a full catalogue of my colleagues, from Sand, who killed Kotzebue, to Orsini and seemed thoroughly persuaded that I was a very advanced member of the order. It was only after a long time, and with great address on my part, that I obtained these revelations from her, and she owned that nothing but witnessing how the holy studies had influenced me would ever have induced her to make these avowals. As my convalescence progressed, and I was able to sit up for an hour or so in the day, she told me that I might very soon expect a visit from the Staats Procurator, a kind of district attorney-general, to examine me. So little able was I to carry my mind back to the by-gone events of my life, that I heard this as a sort of vague hope that the inquiry would strike out some clew by which I could connect myself with the past, for I was sorely puzzled to learn what and who I had been before I came there. Was I a prosecutor or was I a prisoner? Never was a knotty point more patiently investigated, but, alas! most hopelessly. The intense interest of the inquiry, however, served totally to withdraw me from my previous readings, and the gray sister was shocked to see the mark in my book remain for days long unchanged. She took courage at length to address me on the subject, and even went so far as to ask if Satan himself had not taken occasional opportunity of her absence to come and sit beside my bed? I eagerly caught at the suggestion, and said it was as she suspected; that, in fact, he never gave me a moment's peace, now torturing me with menaces, now asking for explanations: how this could be reconciled with that, and why such a thing should not have prevented such another?

Instead of expressing any astonishment at my confession, she appeared to regard it as one of the most ordinary incidents, and referred me to my books, and especially to St. Francis, to see that these were usual and everyday snares in use. She went further, and in her zeal actually showed a sort of contempt for the evil one in his intellectual capacity that startled me; showing how St. Jude always got the better of him, and that he was a mere child when opposed by the craft of St. Anthony of Pavia.

"It is the truth," said she, "always conquers him. Whenever, by any chance, he can catch you concealing or evading, trying to make out reasons that are inconsistent, or affecting intentions that you had not, then he is your master."

There was such an air of matter of fact about all she said, that when—our first conversation on this theme over—she left the room, a cold sweat broke over me at the thought that my next visitor would be the "Lebendige Satan" himself.

It had come to this, that I had furnished my own mind with such a subject of terror that I could not endure to be alone, and lay there trembling at every noise and shrinking at every shadow that crossed the floor. Many and many times, as the dupe of my own deceivings, did I find myself talking aloud in self-defense, averring that I wanted to be good, and honest, and faithful, and that whenever I lapsed from the right path, it was in moments of erring reason, sure to be followed after by sincere repentance.

It was after an access of this kind the gray sister found me one morning bathed in cold perspiration, my eyes fixed, my lips livid, and my fingers fast knotted together.

"I see," said she, "he has given you a severe turn of it to-day. What was the temptation?"

For a long while I refused to answer; I was weak as well as irritable, and I desired peace, but she persisted, and pressed hard to know what subject we had been discussing together.

"I'll tell you, then," said I, fiercely—for a sudden thought, prompted perhaps by a sense of anger, flashed across me: "he has just told me that you are his sister."

She screamed out wildly, and, rushing to the end of the gallery, threw herself at the foot of a little altar.

Satisfied with my vengeance, I lay back and said no more. I may have dropped into a half-slumber afterward, for I remember nothing till, just as evening began to fall, one of the servants came up and placed a table and two chairs beside my bed, with writing materials and a large book, and shortly after two men dressed in black, and with square black caps on their heads, took their places at the table and conversed together in low whispers.

Resolving to treat them with a show of complete indifference, I turned away and pretended to go to sleep.

"The Herr Staats Procurator Schlässel has come to read the act of accusation," said the shorter man, who seemed a subordinate; "take care that you pay proper respect to the law and the authorities."

"Let him read away," said I, with a wave of my hand, "I will listen."

In a low, sing-song, dreary tone, he began to recite the titles and dignities of the emperor. I listened for a while, but as he got down to the banat and herzegovine, sleep overcame me, and I dozed away, waking up to hear him detailing what seemed his own greatness, how he was Ober this and Unter that, till I fairly lost myself in the maze of his description. Judging from the monotonous, business-like persistence of his manner, that he had a long road before him, I wrapped myself comfortably in the bed-clothes, closed my eyes, and was soon sound asleep.

There were two candles burning on the table when I next opened my eyes, and my friend the procurator was reading away as before. I tried to interest myself for a second or two; I rubbed my eyes and endeavored to be wakeful; but I could not, and was fast settling down into my former state, when certain words struck on my ear and aroused me:

"'The well-born Herr von Rigges further denounces the prisoner Harpar—'"

"Read that again," cried I, aloud, "for I can not clearly follow what you say."

"'The well-born Herr von Rigges,'" repeated he, "'further denounces the prisoner Harpar as one of a sect banded together for the darkest purposes of revolution!'"

"Forgive my importunity, Herr Procurator," said I, in my most insinuating tone, "but in compassion for the weakness of faculties sorely tried by fever, will you tell me who is Rigges?"

"Who is Rigges? Is that your question?" said he, slowly.

"Yes, Sir; that was my question."

He turned over several pages of his voluminous report, and proceeded to search for the passage he wanted.

"Here it is," said he, at last; and he read out: "'The so-called Rigges, being a well-born and not-the-less-from-a-mercantile-object-engaging pursuit, highly-placed, and much-honored subject of her Majesty the Queen of England, of the age of forty-two years and eight months, unmarried, and professing the Protestant religion.' Is that sufficient?"

"Quite so; and now, will you, with equal urbanity, inform me who is Harpar?"

"Who is Harpar? Who is Harpar? You surely do not ask me that?"

"I do; such is my question."

"I must confess that you surprise me. You ask me for information about yourself!"

"Oh, indeed! So that I am Harpar?"

"You can, of course, deny it. We are in a measure prepared for that. The proofs of your identity will be, however, forthcoming; not to add that it will be difficult to disprove the offense."

"Ha, the offense! I'm really curious about that. What is the offense with which I am charged?"

"What I have been reading these two hours. What I have recited with all the clearness, brevity, and perspicuity that characterize our imperial and royal legislation, making our code at once the envy and admiration of all Europe."

"I'm sure of that. But, what have I done?"

"With what for a dullness-charged and much-beclouded intellect are you afflicted," cried he, "not to have followed the greatly-by-circumstances-corroborated and in-various-ways-by-proofs-brought-home narrative that I have already read out?"

"I have not heard one word of it!"

"What a deplorable and all-the-more-therefore-hopeless intelligence is yours! I will begin it once more." And with a heavy sigh he turned over the first pages of his manuscript.

"Nay, Herr Procurator!" interposed I, hastily. "I have the less claim to exact this sacrifice on your part, that even when you have rendered it, it will be all fruitless and unprofitable. I am just recovering from a severe illness. I am, as you have very acutely remarked, a man of very narrow and limited faculties in my best of moments, and I am now still lower in the scale of intelligence. Were you to read out that lucid document till we were both gray-headed, it would leave me just as uninformed to imputed crime as I now am."

"I perceive," said he, gravely. Then turning to his clerk, he bade him write down, "And the so-called Harpar having duly heard and with decorously-lent attention listened to the foregoing act, did thereupon enter his plea of mental incapacity and derangement."

"Nay, Herr Procurator, I would simply record that, however open to follow some plain narrative, the forms and subtleties of a legal document only bewilder me."

"What for an ingeniously-worded and with-artifice-cunningly-conceived excuse have we here?" exclaimed he, indignantly. "Is it from England, with her seventeen hundred and odd volumes of an incomplete code, that the imperial and royal government is to learn legislation? You are charged with offenses that are known to every state of civilization: highway assault and molestation—attack with arms and deadly implements, stimulated by base and long-heretofore and with-bitterness-imagined plans of vengeance on your countryman and former associate, the so-named Rigges. From him, too, proceeds the information as to your political character, and the ever-to-be-deplored and only-with-blood-expiated error of republicanism by which you are actuated. This brief but not-the-less-on-that-account lucid exposition, it is my duty first to read out and then leave with you. With all your from-a-wrong-impulse-proceeding and a-spirit-of-opposition-suggested objections, I have no wish nor duty to meddle. The benign and even paternal rule under which we live, gives even to the most-with-accusation-surrounded and with-strong-presumption-implicated prisoner, every facility of defense. Having read, and with attention matured, this indictment, you will, after a week, make choice of an advocate."

"Am I to be confronted with my accuser?"

"I sincerely hope that the indecent spectacle of insulting attack and offensive rejoinder thus suggested, is unknown to the administration of our law."

"How then can you be certain that I am the man he accuses of having molested him?"

"You are not here to assail, nor I to defend, the with-ages-consolidated and by-much-tact-accumulated wisdom of our imperial and royal code."

"Might he not say, when he saw me, 'I never set eyes on this man before?'"

He turned again to his clerk, and dictated something of which I could but catch the concluding words—"And thereby imputing perjury to the so-called Rigges."

It was all I could do to repress an outburst of anger at this unjustifiable system of inference: but I did restrain myself, and merely said, "I impute nothing, Herr Procurator; I simply suggest a possible case, that every thing suffered by Rigges was inflicted by some other than I."

"If you had accomplices, name them," said he, solemnly.

This overcame all my prudent resolves. I was nowise prepared for such a perversity of misconception, and losing all patience and all respect for his authority, I burst out into a most intemperate attack on Austria, her code, her system, her ignorant indifference to all European enlightenment, her bigoted adherence to forms either unmeaning or pernicious, winding up all with a pleasant prediction that in a few short years the world would have seen the last of this stolid and unteachable empire.

Instead of deigning a reply, he merely bent down to the table, and I saw by the movement of his lips and the rapid course of the clerk's pen, that my statement was being reduced to writing.

"When you have completed that," said I, gravely, "I have some further observations to record."

"In a moment—in a moment," patiently responded the Procurator; "we have only got to 'the besotted stupidity of her pretentious officials.'"

The calm quietude of his manner as he said this threw me into a fit of laughter, which lasted several minutes.

"There, there," said I, "that will do; I will keep the remainder of my remarks for another time and place."

"'Reserving to himself,'" dictated he, "'the right of uttering still more bitter and untruthful comments on a future occasion.'" And the clerk wrote the words as he spoke them.

"You will sign this here," said he, presenting me with the pen.

"Nothing of the kind, Herr Procurator. I will not lend myself to any, even the most ordinary, form of your stupid system."

"'And refuses to sign the foregoing,'" dictated he, in the same unmoved voice. This done, he arose and proceeded to draw on his gloves. "The act of allegation I now commit to your hands," said he, calmly, "and you will have a week to reflect upon the course you desire to adopt."

"One question before you go: Is the person called Rigges here at this moment, and can I see him?"

He consulted for a few seconds with his subordinate, and then replied: "These questions we are of opinion are irrelevant to the defense, and need not be answered."

"I only ask you as a favor, Herr Procurator," said I.

"The law recognizes no favors, nor accepts courtesies."

"Does it also reject common sense?—is it deaf to all intelligence?—is it indifferent to every appeal to reason?—is it dead to—"

But he would not wait for more, and having saluted me thrice profoundly, retired from the gallery, and left me alone with my indignation.

The great pile of paper still lay on the table next me, and in my anger I hurled it from me to the middle of the room, venting I know not what passionate wrath at the same time on every thing German: "This the land of primitive simplicity and patriarchal virtues, forsooth! this the country of elevated tastes and generous instincts? Why, it is all Bureau and Barrack!" I went on for a long time in this strain, and I felt the better for it. The operative surgeons tell us that no men recover so certainly or so speedily after great operations as the fellows who scream out and make a terrible uproar. It is your patient, self-controlling creature who sinks under the suffering he will not confess; and I am confident that it is a wise practice to blow off the steam of one's indignation, and say all the most bitter things one can think of in moments of disappointment, and, so to say, prepare the chambers of your mind for the reception of better company.

After a while I got up, gathered the papers together, and prepared to read them. Legal amplifications and circumlocutions are of all lands and peoples; but for the triumph of this diffusiveness commend me to the Germans. To such an extent was this the case, that I reached the eighth page of the precious paper before I got finally out of the titular description of the vice-governor in whose district the event was laid. Armed, however, with heroic resolution, I persevered, and read on through the entire night—I will not say without occasional refreshers in the shape of short naps—but the day was already breaking when I turned over the last page, and read the concluding little blessing on the emperor under whose benign reign all good was encouraged, all evil punished, and the Hoch Galehrter, Hoch wohl-geborner Herr der Hofrath, Ober Procurators-fiscal-Secretär, charged with the due execution of the present decree.

In the language of précis writing the event might be stated thus: "A certain Englishman, named Rigges, traveling by post, arrived at the torrent of Wornbirn a short time before noon, and while waiting there for the arrival of some peasants to accompany the carriage through the stream, was joined by a foot-traveler, by whom he was speedily recognized. Whatever the nature of the relations previously subsisting between them—and it may be presumed they were not of the most amicable—no sooner had they exchanged glances than they engaged in deadly conflict. Rigges was well armed; the stranger had no weapon whatever, but was a man of surpassing strength, for he tore the door of the carriage from its hinges, and dragged Rigges out upon the road before the other could offer any resistance. The postillion, who had gone to summon the peasants, was speedily recalled by the report of fire-arms; three shots were fired in rapid succession, and when he reached the spot it was to see two men struggling violently in the torrent, the stranger dragging Rigges with all his might toward the middle of the stream, and the other screaming wildly for succor. The conflict was a terrible one, for the foot-traveler seemed determined on self-destruction, if he could only involve the other in his own fate. At last Rigges's strength gave way, and the other threw himself upon him, and they both went down beneath the water.

"The stranger emerged in an instant, but one of the peasants on the bank struck him a violent blow with his ash pole, and he fell back into the stream. Meanwhile the others had rescued Rigges, who lay panting, but unconscious, on the ground. They were yet ministering to his recovery when they heard a wild shout of derisive triumph, and now saw that the other, though carried away by the torrent, had gained a small shingly bank in the middle of the Rhine, and was waving his hat in mockery of them. They were too much occupied with the care of the wounded man, however, to bestow more attention on him. One of Rigges's arms was badly fractured, and his jaw also broken, while he complained still more of the pain of some internal injuries: so severe, indeed, were his sufferings that he had to be carried on a litter to Feldkirch. His first care on arriving was to denounce the assailant, whose name he gave as Harpar, declaring him to be a most notorious member of a Rouge society, and one whose capture was an object of European interest. In fact, Rigges went so far as to pretend that he had himself periled life in the attempt to secure him.

"Detachments of mounted gens d'armes were immediately sent off in pursuit, the order being to arrest any foot-traveler whose suspicious appearance might challenge scrutiny."

It is needless to say how much I appeared to fulfill the signs they sought for, not to add that the intemperance of my language, when captured, was in itself sufficient to establish a grave charge against me. It is true, there was in the act of allegation a lengthened description of me with which my own appearance but ill corresponded. I was described as of middle age, of a strong frame and muscular habit, and with an expression that denoted energy and fierceness. How much of that vigor must they imagine had been washed away by the torrent, to leave me the poor helpless-looking thing I now appeared! And yet could any thing short of German official stupidity have converted me into a brigand and an assassin?

I know it is a very weak confession, I feel as I make it how damaging to my character is the acknowledgment, and how seriously I compromise myself in my reader's estimation; but I can not help owning that I felt very proud to be thought so wicked, to be classed with those Brutuses of modern history, who were scattering explosive shells like bonbons, and throwing grenades broadcast like confetti in a carnival. I fancied how that miserable Staats Procurator must have trembled in his inmost heart as he sat there in close proximity with such an infuriate desperado as I was. I hoped that every look, every gesture, every word of mine struck terror into his abject soul. It must also unquestionably do them good, these besotted, self-satisfied, narrow-minded Germans, to learn how an Englishman, a born Briton, regards their miserable system of government, and that poor and meagre phantasm they call their "civilization." Well, they have had their opportunity now, and I hope they will make much of it.

As I pondered over the late incident as recorded in the allegation, I remembered the name of Rigges as that of the man Harpar mentioned as having "run" or escaped with the joint finances, and had very little difficulty in filling up the probable circumstances of their rencontre. It was easy to see how Rigges, traveling "extra-post," with all the appearance of wealth and station, could impute to the poor wayfarer any criminality he pleased. Cunningly enough, too, he had hit upon the precise imputation which was sure to enlist Austrian sympathies in the pursuit, and calling him a "Socialist and a Rouge" was almost sealing his fate at once. How glad I felt that the poor fellow had escaped, even though it cost me all the penalty of personating him, yes, I really was generous enough for that sentiment, though I perceive that my reader smiles incredulously as I declare it. "No, no," mutters he; "the arrant snob must not try to impose upon us in that fashion. He was trembling to the very marrow of his bones, and nothing was farther from his thoughts than self-sacrifice or devotion." I know your opinion of me takes this lively shape—I feel it, and I shrink under it; but I know, besides, that I owe all this depreciating estimate of me is nothing so much as my own frankness and candor. Had I simply encountered the varied accidents of my life without any comment upon the way they affected me—had I limited myself to incidents and never touched upon conditions—had I, in fact, given you my perils, but revealed nothing of my terrors, I might have passed for the most lion-hearted of mankind. If it be true in "law" that no man need criminate himself, nothing is more false in ethics. To be of use to his fellows he must not only criminate himself, but reveal all the secret promptings and suggestings that led him into guilt. When we hear that a very distinguished member of society has pocketed a gold snuff-box not belonging to him, the mere fact only places him among the vulgar category of thieves in general; but if he would favor us with a glimpse of what led him to the act—how he first conceived the temptation—what occurred next—what the nature of the argument by which he met it—when, where, and how they failed to strengthen him in honesty—were the deterring reasons that occurred to his mind the products of honorable motives and high principles, or were they founded on conventionalities?—was it the sin that shocked him, or the possible shame? In knowing them we should know by how many different roads men may arrive at the same action—a knowledge to law-makers above all price.

Now, in a very humble way, I have supplied something to this fund. I have laid a section of my heart before you, at the cost of much suffering to myself, just as an anatomist might submit his subclavian artery to be tied for the benefit of science and humanity.

If my reader therefore scruples to accord me the merit of the generosity that I lay claim to, let him revel in the depreciating confession that I am about to make. I knew that when it was discovered I was not Harpar I must instantly be set at liberty. I felt this, and could therefore be at any moment the arbiter of my own freedom. To do this, of course, would set in motion a search after the real delinquent, and I determined I would keep my secret till he had ample time to get away. When I had satisfied myself that all pursuit of him must be hopeless, I would declare myself to be Potts, and proudly demand my liberation.

My convalescence made now such progress that I was able to walk about the gallery, and indeed occasionally to stroll out upon a long terrace which flanked the entire building, and gaze upon a garden, beyond which again I could see the town of Feldkirch and the open Platz in which the weekly market was held. By the recurrence of these—they always fell upon a Saturday—was I enabled to mark time, and I now reckoned that three weeks had gone over since the day of the Herr Procurator's visit, and yet I had heard nothing more of him, nor of the accusation against me. I was seriously thinking whether my wisest plan might not be to take French leave and walk off, when my jailer came one morning to announce that I was to be transferred to Innspruck, where, in due course, my trial would take place.

"What if I refuse to go?" said I, "what if I demand my liberation here on the spot?"

"I don't imagine that you'd delay your journey much by that, my good friend," said he; "the Imperial and Royal Government takes little heed of foolish remonstrances."

"What if the Imperial and Royal Government, in the plentitude of its sagacity, should be in the wrong? What if I be not the person who is accused of this crime? What if the real man be now at liberty? What if the accuser himself will declare, when he sees me, that he never met me before, nor so much as heard of me?"

"Well, all that may happen; I won't say it is impossible, but it can not occur here, for the Herr Von Rigges has already set off for Innspruck, and you are to follow him to-morrow."

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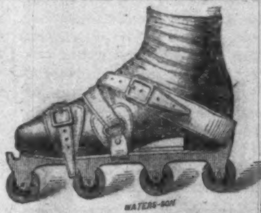

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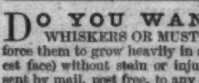
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**Rejuvenation.**
**The Glandular Theory of Disease and Agedness.**

Having become aged and unfit for the business in which I had been engaged for many years, I retired to spend the rest of my days in a more quiet pursuit. In this retirement, I was attacked by a rheumatic affection called Lumbago, and finally by Sciatica. I understood enough of medicine to be my own physician, and, in course of treatment, I applied to the spermatic organs a certain medicine by way of liniment, to relieve pain. It relieved the pain, and I continued to apply it for several days. In two or three weeks, the rheumatic affections had left me, and I perceived that I was mentally and physically renewed. I am now sixty-four years of age; yet I fancy I have as much mental and physical vigor as I had at forty-five.

This cure of my disease, and my remarkable restoration to comparative youthfulness, has led me to theorise on the *modus operandi* of the medicines employed, as well as on the origin and nature of disease generally, and even of agedness itself.

That I may be fully understood, I premise in brief—that the animal economy consists of an osseous frame, and muscles of voluntary and involuntary motion, together with the sanguiferous, the nervous, and the glandular systems. The heart is the centre of the sanguiferous system; the brain, of the nervous; and the urinary and spermatic organs, of the glandular. These systems are intimately associated; so much so, that one can not be seriously affected by disease without deranging the other two.

The glandular system appears to be the most vulnerable: as a large proportion of the diseases which flesh is heir to originate here. Agedness itself is chiefly a decline or failure of the glandular system. The cure of such diseases, and the rejuvenation of the aged, can only be affected by a restoration of the glandular system.

In pursuance of the preceding facts and theory, I have prepared the following medicines:

1. THE GLANDULAR LINIMENT; 2. THE COSMETIC AND CATARRHAL LINIMENT; 3. *The Glandular Soap;* 4. The Tonic Tincture.

THE GLANDULAR LINIMENT

is applied to the spermatic organs, to the joints and back generally, to the region of the liver, and to the joints. The objects to be attained are the invigoration and restoration of the glandular system. It is also a local pain-killer, and will remove cutaneous inflammation and eruptions. It is excellent in the cure of burns, sprains, sores, ulcers, piles, and costiveness.

THE COSMETIC AND CATARRHAL LINIMENT

is applied to the face to prevent or diminish wrinkles and to improve the complexion. It is applied to the nostrils and the region about the eyes, and to the eys themselves, to remove soreness or irritation; and, for the same purpose, it is applied to the mouth and gums. It renders the breath sweet and prevents accumulations of tartar on the teeth by promoting healthy secretions of the glands of the mouth. Applied externally and internally, it is good for diseases of the throat generally.

THE GLANDULAR SOAP

is used for general and particular ablutions. Its medicinal tendency is to keep the skin and glandular system in healthy condition, or to restore them when declined in vigor. The daily use of the Glandular Soap will be likely to secure children against attacks of Scarlet Fever and Diphtheritis, as well as against many other diseases of the glandular system.

THE TONIC TINCTURE

acts with considerable force on all the systems of the constitution. The first impression is narcotic, the second is stimulant, and the third is tonic. In serious cases, the Tonic Tincture and the Glandular Liniment should be used at the same time. When used in conjunction, they may be regarded as specific in Rheumatism, and Ague, and Fever.

Notwithstanding what has been said, the question may arise, What particular diseases are these medicines expected to cure? They are expected to cure or to relieve Spermatorrhœa, Fluor Albus, Hemorrhoids, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, and Diseases of the Throat, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Ague and Fever, and Agedness itself, when the vital powers are not too far exhausted. This catalogue might be considerably extended.

It may be thought that these medicines are recommended for too many diseases. They, however, are recommended for little more than a single disease, viz.: the decline and derangement of the glandular system. A restoration of this system will cure any disease which may have arisen from its decline or derangement. How long old age may be staved off, or how much younger in constitution an aged person may become by using these medicines it is impossible to say. I have good reason to hope, however, that the "Dial of Ahaz" may be turned back fifteen or twenty years. When used by young and middle-aged people, they will cure glandular diseases, prevent, for some years, decay of beauty, and finally postpone the peculiar conditions of agedness.

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